# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1890.

## The Week.

AFTER eight years of misdirected effort, Senator Blair has met final and condign defeat in his endeavor to pass his "Bill to Promote Mendicancy." At first nearly everybody was in favor of the bill. It was said that the South had been impoverished by the war. It was shown that illiteracy shadowed large sections of the Southern States. The reasoning was short and simple. It appealed to the magnanimity of the North. The fact that illiteracy growing out of the conditions of slavery—the illiteracy of plantation-hands already past the school-age—was beyond cure, a thing to be accepted and made the best of, was not at first perceived. The fact that if the South had been impoverished, she had had nearly twenty years in which to repair the ravages of war, with incomparable resources of soil and climate, forests and mines, was likewise unheeded. The North was rich. Illiteracy was a common enemy. Nothing was wanting but dollars to expel it from the land. The Federal Treasury had dollars in abundance. Therefore, let us pour out $77,000,000, and have done with it. The syllogism seemed perfect. Public opinion at the outset was strongly for the Blair bill.

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By and by the facts became known that the South had really recovered in a material point of view from the disasters of the war, that she was not stinting her contributions to public schools, that she saw the need of educating the black children as well as the white, and that the old score of illiteracy, the inheritance of the slave period, could be wiped out only by the passage of time. When these things became better known and appreciated, the public mind was ready to receive impressions touching the general policy of appropriating Federal money to the States for State purposes and objects. When the discussion turned upon policy, the Blair bill was doomed. The more this subject was examined, the less support was given by the press and the fewer votes were obtained in Congress. The conviction gained ground everywhere that to pour money out of the treasury for local education was to change insidiously our form of government, and weaken the principle of self-reliance which is the strong fortress of all our institutions. Latterly the fact has come out that the agricultural classes of the South are really more prosperous than those of the North, and better able to pay local taxes. Cotton pays better than corn, and is better able to support common schools. Mr. Blair in one of his recent speeches said that if his bill did not pass this present Fifty-first Congress, he would abandon the Republican party. Perhaps this threat had some influence in securing the defeat of the measure. We are sure that the Republican party is stronger without the Blair bill than with it. We suspect that it will be stronger without Mr. Blair than with him.

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The distinguishing and decisive feature of the new tariff bill (we speak of the first edition) is the taxing of raw materials. We find this in the increased duties on wool and hops, in the new duties on hides, raw silk, silver, lead ores, zinc, tinplate, and cabinet woods, and in the retention of the duties on coal and iron ores. This proceeding runs counter to the course of public opinion as we read it. It runs counter also to the old theory of protection, which aims at the building up of new industries. Wool-growing, hop-growing, cattle-growing, iron and coal-mining cannot be considered infant industries in this country, if indeed we have any infant industries now. But, on the other hand, the protection of raw materials is a natural evolution of the protective idea, and one which cannot be resisted by a party that makes protection a political issue. As early as 1824 the wool-growers saw the vantage-ground that their votes gave them in the distribution of tariff favors, and they said then what they have been saying ever since: "Give us our share, or down comes your system. Our arms are on the pillars of your temple, and unless you want to see the whole thing in ruins, please to put wool on the list of things protected." That is what they are saying now in louder tones than ever. No wonder that other producers of raw materials have learned the lesson. And thus it has come about that the producers of copper, lead, iron ore, hops, barley, lumber, and finally hides, have joined the procession. They heap contempt upon the idea that anything is a raw material upon which human labor has been bestowed. What is raw material to one man, they say, is the finished product to another; in this they are right.

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The inevitable consequence of the adoption of this principle in the framing of tariffs is a conflict of interests. It has broken out with something like fury in the hide-and-leather trade. For nearly twenty years hides have been on the free list, with great resulting advantages to the tanning and leather industries and the boot-and-shoe trade. Our exports of leather have risen from nearly nothing to upwards of $10,000,000 per annum. Now it is proposed to put a duty of 1½ cent per pound on raw hides at the instigation of the ranchmen and the cattle syndicate, and this at the very time when we are negotiating with the South Americans for more liberal trade arrangements. Our imported hides come principally from South and Central America and the East Indies. They amounted in value to $18,370,973 in 1887, the chief sources of supply being as follows:

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| Argentine Republic | $2,246,674 |
| Uruguay | 2,101,896 |
| U. S. of Colombia | 1,314,518 |
| Mexico | 959,195 |
| Chili | 473,450 |
| Venezuela | 7-1,430 |
| Brazil | 852,690 |
| Cuba | 263 688 |
| East Indies, direct | 1,317,220 |
| East Indies, via England | 3,438 838 |
| Canada | 357,176 |

The imports from South and Central America alone amount to more than $10,000,000, and, as we have said, we are at this moment negotiating with those countries for some enlargement of trade facilities. All at once, and without warning, comes this proposition to put a tax ranging from 10 to 35 per cent. ad valorem on this article of South American export, this raw material of one of our greatest industries. It is almost incredible, and yet is not a whit more unphilosophical than the existing duty on wool, and is considerably less ad valorem than the present duties on wool, not to speak of those proposed in the new bill.

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The *Tribune* made the mistake of worshipping the wrong tariff bill on Friday. This is a kind of mishap that a muzzled, office-holding organ is always liable to. It gets hold of something that is labelled official and it bows down at once to the label. It may be any Birmingham idol, or even an old shoe—it makes no difference. The tariff bill it published and endorsed on Friday contained, among other things, a duty of a dollar a pound on raw silk, than which nothing could be more disastrous to a very highly protected industry. The very suggestion of a duty on raw silk threw the silk-manufacturers into a spasm, and the President of their Association posted off to Washington to wrestle with the Committee on Ways and Means to get the duty cast out of the bill, and he succeeded in doing so. The *Tribune* will bow down to the bill that leaves raw silk free as readily as to one that taxes it a dollar a pound. The same may be said of the duty on hides. The *Tribune's* bill had hides dutiable at 1½ cent per pound. New England was convulsed by this application of the Chicago platform to one of her leading industries. Off goes the duty on hides. Does this make any difference with the *Tribune's* loyalty? Not a jot. It is just as much in favor of free hides as of taxed hides, and of taxed hides as of free ones, if you only put on the right label. It is as easily satisfied as Mark Twain was with his bottle of wine when the waiter brought him the wrong brand, and then made it right by removing the freshly pasted label with his thumb and putting on another before his eyes.

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When Señor Peña made his argument for free trade between the American republics in the Pan-American Congress the other day, and declared that the tariff of this country was the effectual barrier to the *enlargement* of our foreign trade, the American delegate

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who replied to him thought it sufficient to say that 87 per cent. of our imports from South America came in free of duty. This is, of course, the official answer put forth by the Department of State. How perversely it misses the point is very clear. The Spanish-Americans say that they want us to buy their copper and wool and sugar and lead ores, and that there is no chance of an enlarged trade if we do not. What our reply amounts to is, that we have chosen to restrict our buying to coffee, fruit, rubber, woods, and dye-stuffs, and that we put no tax on those articles. The reply does not touch the complaint in the slightest degree, since the subject under discussion is not the present trade, but an increase of trade. And then we talk patronizingly about our intention to meet the difficulty by means of reciprocity treaties, just as out comes the new tariff bill putting a tax on two South American products which were free before—hides and lead ores. If Mr. McKinley has his way, that 87 per cent. will be lowered very rapidly. Besides, Señor Peña's argument, we understand, took up the question of selling as well as buying, and maintained that our tariff incapacitated us from competing with Europe in the South American markets. That such is the fact, many of the foreign delegates have repeatedly stated, the spread-eagle assertions of our students of maxims to the contrary notwithstanding.

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We observe that our pious friend Rising-Sun Stove Polish Morse is in "favor of free coal, provided Canada would reciprocate, in which event," says he, "we would sell them more than we would buy." But how would you manage this, you rising statesman? You would want the Canadians to give you the worth of your goods in their coal, would you not? You do not mean to say you are going to give them more value in your goods than you will get back in coal?—and yet this seems a fair construction of your language. Our advice to you in dealing with the Canadians is to try and make a little profit on every transaction—that is, make them sell you more than you buy—or, in other words, get more than you give. This is the way the members of the Cobden Club have made their fortunes, and this is the way you must have carried on the stove-polish business in order to become as rich as you are, and as good and unctuous as you are.

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The debate on Senator Sherman's Anti-Trust Bill is an advantage to the country independently of the merits of the bill itself. It was an advantage, for example, to expose Gen. Russell A. Alger in his character as head of the Diamond Match Trust, a combination to control the production and sale of friction matches in the United States and Canada. After this exposure it is pretty safe to say that Gen. Alger's chances of ever being nominated or elected President of the United States are very slim. It should be remarked in passing that the McKinley Administrative Bill plays into the hands of the Diamond Match Trust by making the boxes and coverings of imported goods dutiable. As the matter stands now, there is a considerable importation of matches from Sweden, in spite of a duty of 35 per cent. ad valorem. If a duty is put on the match-boxes also, the protection afforded to the Alger match monopoly will be prohibitory. The tariff has not come into the anti-Trust debate very much as yet, but it is sure to drift that way, as was shown by the "side-winder" that Mr. Sherman gave to Senator Hoar. The latter had said that he did not believe that every time the price of wheat went down, every time that there was a bad year in agriculture, or that the manufacturers were pinched, or that the mines were unprofitable, it was good policy for Congress to hold out to the people quack remedies or pretended cures. To this Mr. Sherman replied that if the duty on cotton cloths or woollen cloths was a little too low to protect the manufacturers of Massachusetts, not a month nor a day would be allowed to pass before he (Mr. Hoar) would demand a remedy in the way of raising the duty.

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It is hard work to keep track of the Windom Silver Bill in its various permutations in the Committee on Coinage in the House, and we shall not attempt to pass judgment on it until we see the whole of it in print. We judge, from the votes taken in the Committee, that no bill will pass Congress this session. Whether the Windom bill as amended ought to pass is, as it were, a choice of evils—a choice between that bill and the present two-millions-per-month law. That the real "friends of silver" are opposed to the Windom bill in any form is made clear by the vote of Mr. Bland against it in committee, and also by the comment of the last number of the *Silver Dollar*, of Cleveland, O., which says:

> "Windom says he is a friend of silver. That is all bosh. If so, Benedict Arnold was a friend of American liberty. He has the power now to befriend silver, if he wished to do so, by coining four millions a month. The law permits him to do it. It has permitted him to do it ever since he came into office. Has he exerted himself in that direction? Decidedly not! —he has done, is doing, and proposes to do all he can to stop the coinage, and to *assassinate silver* in the interest of the gold-bugs—a friend of silver, bah!"

To be the Benedict Arnold of silver and the assassin of silver is to be a false knave. If Mr. Windom is both of these, he ought to be "comprehended" by the police at once.

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There could be no more striking illustration of the harmful facility with which campaign "endorsements" are obtained, than is afforded by the certificate of character and fitness which members of the Bar Association signed in October, 1888, in behalf of Hugh J. Grant (who was running at that time as the Tammany candidate for Mayor), when read now in the light of Mayor Grant's own account, on the witness-stand, of the manner in which he administered the Sheriff's office. The certificate says, that his administration of the office was characterized by "broad intelligence and great personal care and supervision." He himself says, that though the business of the office aggregated sometimes $10,000,000 a year, and his receipts from fees aggregated between $25,000 and $30,000 a year, he kept no record or account of any kind, and there was none in the office which would tell what the receipts were. The certificate says that under his administration "long-standing abuses have been abolished and needed reforms have been effected." He himself says, that the only reform which he effected was the reduction of the deputy sheriffs—mainly organized extortionists—from forty-two to thirteen, and that he did that because "he thought it was better to have thirteen well-fed men than forty-two hungry and thirsty ones"; he himself says, that one of his first acts on taking the office was to enter into an agreement with an auctioneer for an equal division between them of the fees from auctioneer's sales, though he was aware that such fees were forbidden by law; he himself says, that in addition to sharing this illegal fee from each auctioneer's sale he exacted also another illegal fee for himself from the lawyers of the creditors, in all cases where the execution was on judgments exceeding $20,000, under the name of "extra compensation," the lawyers being ignorant of the fact that he shared also in the auctioneer's fee. It is quite plain that the gentlemen who signed this document really knew nothing, or next to nothing, about the way the Sheriff's office was administered.

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There are many things brought to light now every day about this "new Tammany" which recall vividly our experience twenty years ago with the old Tammany. Who can read, for instance, this gorgeous endorsement of Sheriff Grant without being reminded of the deputation of highly respectable financiers and property-holders who, a few days before the exposure of the Tweed Ring, audited the books of Connolly, the Comptroller, and certified to their correctness and order, when the rascal had actually stolen $6,000,000 of the city's money? No lesson seems to be of any use in this city for over ten years. The old tricks are always available for further fraud, while the very generation which has witnessed their exposure and punishment is still on the scene. The "new Tammany" is probably the worst bit of repetition we have ever had. It is like robbery of the same farmer by the same confidence man, by the very same "game" by which he had previously been stripped of his watch and money; the only difference being that the performer has put on a young wig and dyed his whiskers.

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When the present investigation of our city government was proposed in the Senate, one of Tammany's errand-boys in that body sought to make sentiment against it by calling upon the Comptroller of the State for a detailed statement of moneys which had been paid for the expenses of investigating committees during the past ten years. The Tammany Senator's idea was that he could impress the taxpayers of the State with the unwisdom

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of further investigations by showing them how much previous ones had cost. The Comptroller has sent in his reply, and it shows that the grand total for ten years is a little more than $404,500. Of this amount $147,000 was for counsel fees, and the remainder for clerical and members' expenses, room-rent, etc. The largest items were, of course, for inquiries into the manner in which the government of this city is administered. Thus the inquiries of 1883 and 1884, which resulted in the Roosevelt reform bills and subsequent laws, cost nearly $34,000. The inquiry by the Comstock Committee in 1885 cost over $26,000. The Broadway Railway inquiry in 1886 cost over $45,000; and the aqueduct inquiry cost $43,000. It cannot be denied that in all these instances the money was well spent. The reforms secured by the Roosevelt bills were worth to the city many times what they cost, in the more economical and reputable conduct of several of our great departments which they made necessary. The Broadway Railway inquiry resulted in removing from the Board of Aldermen all powers over railway franchises, thus making it impossible for any one to repeat the wholesale bribery perpetrated by Jacob Sharp and his allies. The aqueduct inquiry resulted in relieving us of a disgraceful Commissioner of Public Works and an incompetent Aqueduct Commission, and the appointment of our present upright, able, and efficient Aqueduct Commission, who have saved the city ten and twenty times over the money which the inquiry cost.

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It seems to us as if the Flack divorce case, as a divorce case, were attracting more attention from our esteemed contemporaries and filling them with far more horror than it calls for. The thing that should shock and alarm the public is not that a man like Flack should get a divorce in this way, but that a man like Flack should be elected Sheriff of the city and county of New York. Flack belongs, if not exactly to the criminal class, to that worthless, shiftless, vicious class to whom a regular and honest calling is distasteful, and who readily abandon it in this city for ward "politics," and in other cities for gambling or other aleatory pursuits in which money can be made without much labor or moral responsibility. We believe he was at one time a bookbinder, but he probably found bookbinding, as Tweed found chair-making and John Kelly grate-setting, a dull pursuit, in which the gains were small and the work hard. So he took to politics for the sake of more fun and leisure and larger profits. For precisely the same reasons, he probably tired of his wife, and determined to get rid of her in order to marry another woman with whom he had long had illicit relations. To hasten the process, he got, as hundreds of others have got, a fraudulent divorce. Now, there is nothing at all amazing or alarming or blood-curdling in this when one knows the kind of man Flack is. It does not shake the institution of marriage or the framework of society. What is amazing and serious in the whole matter is, that this worthless, brutal, characterless creature should be able to become the chief executive officer of a county containing the third largest and second richest commercial city in the civilized world. But for this, Flack would be simply an ordinary criminal acting out his criminal nature. So do not let us talk of it as if a really leading citizen or a minister of the Gospel had been caught in some gross immorality.

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The passage of the bill providing for State care of the insane in the Assembly by the decisive majority of 69 to 50 is one of the most notable triumphs of well-directed effort in a righteous cause that we have ever had the happiness to chronicle. Such a vote, after such a struggle, now more than three years prolonged, and gained over the petty spoilsmen of the rural districts, renews our confidence in the soundness of the social and political fabric. To the State Charities Aid Association this advance along the line of humanity and social elevation is due. It is one of a long and honorable list of advances and benefactions which that society has conferred upon the State and people of New York, and it brings freshly to mind the charge of Holy Writ, "Be ye not weary in well doing."

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The appointment of Gen. von Caprivi to succeed Bismarck as Chancellor of the Empire is chiefly remarkable for the fact that Gen. von Caprivi is a soldier now in the army, and has never been anything else. He has had no training but military training. Bismarck, on the other hand, was all his life a civil servant of the Government, and had served as a diplomatist for a considerable period before he became known to the world as a parliamentarian and administrator. We do not say that he was a very fine specimen of a constitutional politician, but he had had great experience in persuading or getting the better of other men in debate; if not in winning people over to his ways of thinking, at least getting them to accept his conclusions without using force. Gen. von Caprivi has had no such training. He has been all his life a soldier, and presumably has only learned two things thoroughly—to command and to obey. In his present place he will still be under the orders, in a military sense, of the Emperor as Commander-in-Chief of the army. This may not turn out as badly as seems likely on the surface, for there are rumors both that Gen. von Caprivi is only a stop-gap, and will soon be succeeded by somebody else, and that he is really a man of liberal views, and will meet opposition with more candor and civility of manner than Bismarck. The *National Gazette* makes the curious suggestion, apropos of the succession of a soldier to the Chancellorship, that there is nothing more threatening in this than in the Duke of Wellington's becoming Prime Minister in England, forgetting that prime ministers in England are appointed by the House of Commons, that the army in England lives in strict subordination to the civil power, and that the last monarch in England who thought himself as "big a man" as the Emperor William thinks he is, lost his head on the scaffold two hundred and fifty years ago.

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The honors offered to Bismarck by the Emperor are as high as he can bestow, but, nevertheless, they have, when offered to a man like Bismarck—at the age of seventy-five—a somewhat ludicrous air, and bring out strikingly the impoverishment of modern sovereigns in the presence of real greatness. Bismarck's contempt for German Dukes and Grand Dukes is well known. He could make or unmake them by the half-dozen, and was amused by their squeals when he was making experiments on them. It must amuse him now more or less to be offered as a great favor the privilege of being "Duke of Lauenburg." He probably relishes more the rank of Colonel-General of cavalry and Field-Marshal General. He liked to figure as a soldier, and made his great speeches in the Reichstag always in cavalry uniform, and relied on "blood and iron" as the two great solvents of political difficulties. But even if the Emperor has no adequate means left of honoring the retired statesman, he does well to offer whatever he has. He can hardly do or say too much to mark the passage from the stage of the greatest figure—this is hardly too strong a phrase—in German history. Frederick the Great and Luther were certainly his only competitors. The country will pass through many a phase of untried being, and many generations will come and go, before it looks upon his like again.

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Mr. Balfour introduced the long-promised Irish Land Bill on Monday. It is intended to assist tenants in purchasing and landlords in selling the fee of their farms. The telegraphic summary of its contents is almost incomprehensible, and it would be useless to try to offer a full explanation of it until the arrival of further details. What appears to be clear is that the Government is to advance about $165,000,000 to enable the tenants to make their purchases, and the tenants are to pay 4 per cent. on the advance, and the landlords are to get Government stock bearing 2½ per cent. interest in payment; but how much of this 4 per cent. from the tenants is to constitute a sinking-fund for the payment of the principal, and how much to furnish the interest on the landlords' stock, does not yet appear. The summary of the Associated Press is a model of obscurity. The bill is said to be very complicated, and would probably have to be set working before a proper judgment could be passed on its value. The Parnellites generally object to it, first and foremost because it has been drafted and introduced without consultation with any Irish representative, and apparently with total indifference to Irish opinion—which is, however, nothing new in legislation relating to Ireland They object to it, secondly, because it furnishes, they say, a market for the landlord's property in inflated values, and imposes a portion of the burden of its operation on the Irish taxpayer; but what this last objection means we cannot make out from the summary of the bill now before us.

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### THE LODGE ELECTION BILL.

We believe there is not much question that the design of the framers of the Constitution in giving Congress the power to regulate "the times, places, and manner" of holding Congressional elections, was to provide against the danger of a State or States refusing to hold any Congressional election at all, or holding it at an inconvenient or useless time, with the view of breaking down or embarrassing the Federal Government. Full confidence was by no means felt at that time in the continuing loyalty even of the States which most readily accepted the Constitution; and among the contingencies which were thought of as possible, if not probable, was an attempt of a State to withdraw virtually from the Union by refusing to send representatives to the House. This power of the Congress over the elections was, therefore, created as something to be held in reserve and used, if the worst came to the worst, in defence of the existence of Congress itself.

This view is fully supported by the fact that during a whole century of experience the power of Congress over elections has never been used. The reason it has never been used is simply that the contingency for which it was to provide has never arisen. No State in time of peace has shown any disinclination to be properly represented in the House, or to hold suitable and orderly elections for that purpose. It is true that there has been a great deal of corruption and often a good deal of disorder and even of violence at Congressional elections as well as at State elections in various parts of the country; seats in the House have often been wrongfully obtained by all the methods known to political jobbers. But nobody until now has suggested that for this reason Congress should take charge of the elections itself, because for these evils the power of the House to pass on the qualifications of its own members was held to be an ample remedy. Nobody until now has suggested that American State authorities were incompetent to conduct Federal elections, because everybody who has considered the subject before Mr. Cabot Lodge, has seen clearly enough that a charge of incompetency to conduct one kind of an election involves a charge of incompetency to conduct any kind, State or national, and in fact lays the axe to the root of the whole Federal system.

If we admit the necessity of Mr. Lodge's bill, we make a long step towards admitting the total failure of the Republic as at present constructed. Federal morality, either political or other, is no better than State morality. Federal laws are administered by precisely the same class of men as State laws, with, however, this difference in their situation, that State officials are responsible to and controlled by local opinion, an important guarantee for good behavior which, in the case of Federal officials, is wanting, and which in the matter of conducting local elections is extremely valuable. Mr. Lodge's bill proposes a departure from this practice, of one hundred years' standing, not because any State refuses to hold orderly elections for members of the House of Representatives, or because the House has lost or finds any difficulty in exercising its constitutional right to pass on the qualifications of its own members—that is, on the fairness of the election—but because in certain States of the Union there are not as many votes cast for the party now in power as he thinks there ought to be. We have no disposition to cover up the state of things at the South by a play of words, or to pretend that the negro voters in those States do not suffer, as so many voters at the North do, from ignorance and intimidation. What we say is, that nobody knows what the exact extent of this corruption or intimidation of negroes is; that it is probably grossly exaggerated; that it is diminishing, and must continue to diminish as the intelligence of the negroes increases, and that the only remedy for it which Mr. Lodge offers is the very kind of electoral reform which the several States are one by one adopting. In other words, his proposed interference is based on uncertain premises, and offers nothing which the States are not themselves likely to supply without any violent departure from long-established and until now unquestioned usage. He proposes registration and ballot reform, but that is what all the States are proposing. His bill would be executed by Tom, Dick, and Harry, while the State bills will be executed by Harry, Dick, and Tom. Where would the difference appear? What should we gain by this tremendous departure from our present time-honored custom?

In one respect, the Lodge bill is not only unnecessary, but in the highest degree mischievous, in that it proposes to strike a deadly blow at one of the most valuable features of our Federal system—the independence of the judiciary. If there be one provision of the Constitution which experience has justified and glorified, it is the tenure during good behavior of the judges. This has to a remarkable degree secured them the respect and confidence of the country by exempting them from the necessity of taking any part, open or covert, in party politics. We do not say it has been completely successful, because we cannot say this of any rule or regulation which governs or shapes human conduct. It has not done everything, but it has done wonders. It has kept alive among us a standard of judicial propriety and integrity which the legislation of some States has done much to dim or destroy. Hardly less important for the respectability of the Federal judiciary is its strict confinement to judicial functions—that is, to the work of interpreting the law as distinguished from the work of administering it. Now, Mr. Lodge actually proposes to impose on the district judges the task not only of appointing the officers of registration and election, but of counting the vote and certifying the result to Congress. This would of course convert them at once in the popular eye into party politicians, expose them to imputations of unfairness in the choice of the election officers, and make them responsible for the conduct or misconduct of these officers, and for the correctness of the count which might next day come before them in their judicial capacity. The popular rage over charges brought against them would be made all the more furious by the fact that, for any malfeasance as administrators, there would be no remedy except impeachment at the hands of the very majority in the House whose purposes the malfeasance might have served. Nothing more monstrous for the benefit of our negro fellow-citizen has yet been proposed. If he deserves it, and ought to have it, the United States Government, it is not too much to say, has been constructed in vain.

### OUR MAYORAL CURIOSITY.

The *Evening Post* printed on Monday some letters addressed by our Mayor, and the Chairman of the World's-Fair Committee, to certain appointing officers in the years 1883–'4, when he was in the Board of Aldermen. The same paper, indeed, printed them during the canvass in 1888, but they probably then had the not unfrequent fate of such literature in a Presidential campaign, and passed comparatively unnoticed. Their authenticity has never been questioned. They are applications for places in the public service for "workers" and "bummers" of various degrees of unfitness. The manner in which the Mayor prepared for the Mayoralty while Sheriff, is being revealed little by little in the investigation now going on before the Fassett Committee. These letters show the way in which he was preparing for the Shrievalty while in the Board of Aldermen.

The grammar and spelling would at first sight lead most people to suppose that they were the composition of a hotel porter or of an office-boy trying to fill his first place. To neither of these classes of persons would they be discreditable. One does not expect a hotel porter or an office-boy in his first place to write or speak English correctly. One readily forgives all deficiencies of this sort to any one whose poverty has prevented his getting any schooling in his earlier years, and whose occupation does not call for literary training. But one does not forgive them readily in a man who has had the means in his youth of getting as good an education as the country affords, and least of all in a man who, having pecuniary ease, has in his early years set public office before himself as an object of ambition. We say that when such a man not only fails to cultivate himself in the ordinary sense of that term, but fails to acquire the rudiments even of a plain English education, who spends the time necessary for that purpose on the trotting-course or the base-ball grounds, or "going round with the boys," while thirsting for employment in the public service, it furnishes an indication of character which no honest and conscientious voter ought to overlook.

No civilized State in our day ought to have any places for such men to fill except those of manual laborers. No places of trust and responsibility have been filled by such men in recent years, except some of those awarded to negroes at the South during the carpet-bag régime. We believe some South-

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ern States at that time enjoyed the services of sheriffs whose equipment for the office and whose manner of discharging its duties closely resembled those of Sheriff Grant. And yet his shrievalty was the most important of its kind in the country. According to his own story, $10,000,000 passed through his hands annually, and he played a more important part in the administration of justice in a great city than any other officer not on the judicial bench. And yet this really great function we put without inquiry into the hands of an illiterate and evidently idle youth, who had never learned or followed any calling, or had, in a business community, acquired any business experience.

More astonishing than all, after having shown in the transaction of the Sheriff's business absolute incapacity, disorder, and corruption, Mr. Grant found no difficulty in getting a testimonial to his eminent fitness for it from 121 prominent members of the bar, in order to recommend him for the Chief Magistracy of the greatest American city! And he got the Chief Magistracy. He was made Mayor in spite of it all, with the power of appointing Police Commissioners, Police Justices, Commissioners of Public Works, Excise Commissioners, Health Officers, and so forth. More than this — before he had been six months in the Mayoralty he was allowed to present himself to the world as the leader of an organization which was to invite foreign nations to come here and see American civilization at its best, which was to honor in a grand fête a man who was one of the greatest glories of the human race. And he presided at the banquet in this city which celebrated the hundredth anniversary of one of the greatest achievements in American history — the framing and adoption of the American Constitution. If some ingenuous youth were to ask us where he could find a precedent or parallel for this, we should send him not to the works of Gibbon, or Hume, or Sybel, or Henri Martin, but to those of the vivacious and entertaining Offenbach. There must have been episodes like it during the destruction of the Roman Empire by the Barbarians, but the poor Romans did not elect the Barbarians to municipal offices. They let them take what they pleased, in order to save their own necks.

Our present aim, however, is not simply to expose or depreciate Mayor Grant. One of the shames and sorrows of our present situation is that public journals have to discuss anywhere but in the police reports the history and qualifications of these annual swarms of Mikes, Jakes, and Barneys, who issue forth from the haunts of vice and crime and folly to waste our substance and burlesque the Government. We recur to the subject, in the hope not of reforming the Mayor or his cronies, or of making any impression on them, but of calling the attention of decent men in this city, and especially of Republicans, once more to the consequences of sacrificing the interests of the city to the exigencies of Federal politics. Of those who do this thing, many are honorable men. They really care for the health and comfort of their fellow-citizens and for the good name of the city, and yet every now and then they act as if these were matters of no more importance to them than they are to "Barney" Martin or "Fatty" Walsh. At the three last Mayoral elections they have put up and run candidates confessedly without any expectation of electing them, well knowing that they were thereby contributing powerfully to the election of the Tammany nominee, if, indeed, they did not make it certain. They did this, too, with the full knowledge, of long experience, that this city contains what no other city in the world contains, an organization of its ignorance and vice under the control of criminal and nameless adventurers. Every city contains in its population a large modicum of ignorance and vice, but this is the only one in which ignorance and vice have been organized for public plunder, and have their General Committee, and their Executive Committee, and their Committee on Organization, and their vice-presidents, and secretaries, and clerks, and halls, and sergeants-at-arms, and claim a share in the Government. There is no more discussion of public interests in Tammany Hall than there was in the "Burnt Rag" when that "dive" was kept by "Barney" Martin, the Deputy Commissioner of Public Works. There is there no talk or thought of public offices as anything else than instrumentalities for getting money out of the public treasury, or extorting it, under color of law, from the honest and industrious. To Tammany men offices are "plums," to be distributed among the lazy, the disreputable, and vicious portion of the community in return for services largely of a criminal nature. So much work as is necessary, and no more than is necessary, to cover up theft and embezzlement and extortion is done in the various offices which Tammany controls. No respectable man would employ in any place of private trust most of the men whom it selects for salaries. It is, in fact, in most of its aspects an astonishing product of our democracy. Its composition, it is true, is largely foreign, but it contains no element which may not be found in every great city. What is peculiar about it here is, that the decent, industrious, tax-paying portion of the community does not unite against it, keep a watch on it, denounce it, expose it, prosecute it, and drive it out of sight, and allow no business or excuse to stand in the way of its extinction. On the contrary, every now and then we see alliances with it, and even apologies for it, on the part of men calling themselves "patriotic Americans." It is this tolerance or connivance, rather than Tammany's corruption, which to-day disgraces the city and State.

## THE ECLIPSE IN WEST AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, January 30, 1890.

PERHAPS some account of the total eclipse will interest the *Nation*. As is known, it became necessary to establish the Expedition on the immediate coast, near Cape Ledo, and about three hundred miles below the mouth of the Congo. Here I found an ideal station — a point where the total phase would last the longest; the best of meteorological prospects; safe anchorage for the *Pensacola* in the little bay, so that the resources of the ship were at the command of the Expedition; surf so light that the instruments could be landed without too great risk; abundance of rock on the beach to build foundations with; a region where hostile natives rarely came about, and withal perfectly healthy.

It was the 8th of December when the Expedition landed there, just a fortnight before the eclipse. The work of preparation began at once and went vigorously on. The weather by day was in no sense disappointing — perfect in fact: very little rain to interfere, the intense heat of the sun screened every morning by dense clouds, while the afternoons were for the most part clear. This was most encouraging, as the eclipse would take place during the middle of the afternoon. At night, however, there was great difficulty in getting star-observations enough.

A fraction of a mile from our station was the camp of the English Expedition, in charge of Mr. A. Taylor, sent out by the Royal Astronomical Society; and near the *Pensacola*, at anchor in the bay, was the H. M. S. *Bramble*, a gunboat attending upon the Expedition, in command of Capt. Langdon, R. N. The preparations of the party were confined to the use of two instruments during the total eclipse, the lesser one having already made itself famous in the total eclipses of 1882 in Egypt, of 1883 at Caroline Island, of 1886 at Grenada, while in 1887 it was unsuccessful in Russia through clouds. The larger instrument was a silver-on-glass mirror of 20-inch diameter, and the very short focal length of 45 inches. It was constructed by Mr. Common, and was expected to afford photographic evidence of the reality of the outer extensions of the sun's corona. The men-of-war were of the greatest imaginable assistance to the Expeditions. The courtesies extended by the *Bramble* were not a few, while without the constant and hearty coöperation of Captain Yates, U. S. N., in command of the *Pensacola*, all the work of our own Expedition could never have been done.

The eclipse instruments were very numerous — some of them of unusual proportions — spectroscopes, photometers, and polariscopes for the corona, and a great variety of photographic telescopes suited to the specific ends sought in investigating not only the inner corona, but its extreme outer extensions into interplanetary space. For the most part these instruments must be kept accurately pointed on the sun. I therefore adopted the plan of securing them all between the double-fork of a huge polar axis, which was itself moved with the greatest precision by clock-work.

Then arose the problem of operating so many pieces of apparatus, for the sensitive plates must be changed, the shutter of each instrument must be opened and closed at the proper times, and a great variety of other movements must be made at the right time and over the right space. Obviously the usual method of doing it all by hand was out of the question, as there were on the one axis about five-and-twenty telescopes and cameras.

It occurred to me that the pneumatic-valve system, covered by the letters-patent of Mr. Merritt Gally, and largely used by him in the automatic playing of musical instruments, afforded an easy way out of the difficulty. Only rig the little collapsible pneumatics or bellows so that, by suitable mechanical connections, they shall do the small work required; replace the reed-pockets by flexible tubes leading to the various bellows; for the long strip of per-

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forated paper ordinarily doing music-duty substitute a like strip with perforations suited sidewise to the number of the bellows, and lengthwise to the exact time the pneumatic movement is desired; then wind up the strip on a chronograph-barrel so that it shall unreel with perfect uniformity, and a pneumatic commutator is at hand whose capabilities are limited only by the size of the main exhaust-bellows and the number of independent valve-ports. The instrument I am describing had forty-eight such ports; and each small current of air, a tenth of an inch in diameter, controlled the action of an exhaust current through the connecting tubes of about twenty-five times this volume. This was the plan carried out; all the various forms of mechanical movements were built, the telescopes were adjusted into parallelism with the greatest nicety, the air tubes were connected, the control-sheet suitably perforated, and the chronograph in readiness to be set going at the precise second.

Like those before it, eclipse-day opened with a cloudy morning. The air was very damp, and a few drops of rain fell. By eleven the sky was about half clear. Less than an hour before the beginning of the eclipse, the west was perfectly clear where the sun would be at the critical period of totality. Now and then, thin cirro-cumulus nearly covered the sky, drifting slowly towards the southeast; but there were still large patches of blue. At the time of first contact, half-past one, the sun was occasionally visible through rifts in the clouds. A quarter hour later there were decided signs of clearing. All the intervals of blue sky were promptly utilized by Prof. Bigelow in getting pictures with a telescope, forty feet long, and pointed directly at the sun, the necessary and precise motion of so weighty an instrument being secured through a sand-clock having some novelties of construction.

At two o'clock, an hour before totality, the large patch of blue had moved over to the east, the clouds near the sun were thinning out, and, a quarter hour afterwards, two long strips of sky cleared in the north. Ten minutes before totality, the light of the sun was so much diminished that all the portentous conditions attending the phenomena of mid-totality began to make their appearance. Of course, these are largely of no scientific moment, and in the eager watching of the clouds few observers saw them. A minute before the beginning of the total obscuration, the light grew suddenly less, and then over the sea swept the blue-black shadow of the moon from the southwest with astonishing rapidity.

Totality was then complete. But the total eclipse was itself totally eclipsed, for a big black lazy cloud had sluggishly drifted between our camp and the beautiful corona, and stubbornly refused to move aside until the bright sunlight was again upon us. The horizon was like that of early morning, with the sun rising in dense clouds. All the southern sky was aggravatingly clear—a deep blue verging on black. Could the instruments have been suddenly transported bodily two or three miles south, the entire eclipse would have been assured in a cloudless sky.

A vessel twelve miles or more off in the southwest, and plainly in sight before totality, was invisible during the greatest obscuration. Bird-life was accurately watched for totality effects. Crows were evidently bewildered, wydahs ceased calling to each other, and swallows, which had been very numerous before the eclipse, disappeared, although the light was quite sufficient to have shown them. The diffused light of totality, by the way, was something most unusual—greatly in excess of the other total eclipses I have seen, in Texas in 1878, and Japan in 1887. At the darkest moment, the time to the second could be read with ease from the face of any ordinary watch, and the finest print would not have been hard to make out.

After the moon's shadow had swept by, on climbing above the telescopes to investigate the working of the exposing-disks, I found a mantis (*M. religiosa*) mounted in contemplation on the objective of the duplex photometer. It is matter for regret that no record of his observations is accessible, owing to our neglect to supply this entomological oddity with pencil and paper. His notions of a total eclipse would have been original, if not valuable.

But the photographic apparatus had all been set in operation at the commencement of totality, and the automatic programme played through from beginning to end with the most gratifying success. The exposures exceeded 300 in number, though the total phase lasted but a little over three minutes. No opportunity comes again till April, 1893, when, in the northeast of Brazil, a fine total eclipse will be visible for four and a half minutes, with the sun nearly overhead. Our satisfaction with this last eclipse must be largely in the fact, now demonstrated, that on like occasions in the future fifty or sixty photographic instruments can all be operated with the ease of one or two in eclipses heretofore. The field of coronal research may thus be vastly extended, and it will be entirely possible to get out of one totality in the future as much as could be learned from five or six in the past.

Another instrument of the Expedition deserves mention here on account of its unusual proportions. The 40-foot, having so excellent a clock, was rigged for corona work, of course; but, in addition to that, Prof. Langley had lent to the Expedition a 20-inch silvered mirror of the extraordinary focal length of 75 feet. This was so mounted as to throw an image of the corona into a huge camera-box set upon a cliff which lay fortunately just beneath the sun at the time of totality. Here a 10-inch image of the sun was formed with beautiful definition, and plates 20 inches by 24 of the highest sensitiveness were prepared for exposure. During totality, however, both these unusual instruments were rendered inoperative by clouds. But we were not alone in our disaster. A half hour later a messenger came across from the English camp; and it then became known that the same cloud had completely occluded their station too.

A few hours before the eclipse came on, the *Pensacola* went out to sea and stood in the centre of the eclipse-track at the time of totality for the purpose of auxiliary observations. Atmospheric conditions were slightly more favorable there than at the main station of the Expedition; but during the total phase the clouds were so thick that it is very doubtful whether the true solar corona was seen at all.

The eclipse station was completely dismantled by the 27th of December, and the *Pensacola* left Cape Ledo in the afternoon of the same day. Returning to Loanda, it was found that all three of the detached parties of the Expedition sent into the interior had also been unsuccessful: at Cunga, at Dondo, at Oeiras, and at Cazengo, clouds—also at Muxima, the location first chosen for the Expedition.

Meanwhile the collateral work of the Expedition goes steadily and successfully on, though with more vigor in some departments than others. In terrestrial physics, in meteorology, in philology, and in natural history there is already an excellent showing, and the return of the Expedition will insure large additions still. While Mr. Preston is swinging the pendulums at the Royal Observatory for determining the force of gravity, and the *Pensacola* is getting ready for the long journey of about 8,000 miles homeward, other members of the Expedition are variously engaged. Prof. Abbe is studying the striking meteorological phenomena of the world-famous Table Mountain, the naturalists are getting ready for a fortnight's stay in the interior, the philologist is deep in his researches in West African tongues, and Prof. Bigelow and myself are, by the kind courtesy of her Majesty's astronomer, Dr. David Gill, fully occupied at the Observatory. To-morrow all ordinary avocations are suspended for the unveiling of the Jubilee statue of her Majesty the Queen, at the Parliament Houses.

DAVID P. TODD.

## MANÁOS, AND THE ROUTE INTO AMAZONAS.

MANÁOS, Brazil, January 1, 1890.

IT has been more than once remarked that Pará should have been situated sixteen miles nearer the sea, where stands the present town of Pinheiro. Here is a splendid harbor, capable of admitting vessels of any draught, whereas ships of 1,500 tons can now come to the anchorage ground in front of the city only when the waters are high. Moreover, all vessels bound up the Amazon must pass eastward to this point in order to enter the main estuary which leads into the west. The city of Pará is really not on the Amazon at all, but stands at the junction of the Rio Capim and one arm of the estuary of the Rio Tocantins, commonly called the Rio Pará. Having entered the estuary at Pinheiro, the great island of Marajó, called after a family whose name remains to this day familiar in Pará, is seen forming the northern shore. About seventy miles southwest of this point, the Rio Tocantins empties into the great estuary, bearing in its tide the waters of many tributaries which drain a region rich in the natural products of a tropical forest. Eighty miles west of the Tocantins are two narrow channels, each about seventy or eighty yards wide, which turn abruptly northward, forming the western boundary of the island of Marajó, and connecting with the Amazon, whose waters flow to the sea through two great channels, the Canal do Sul and the Canal do Norte, along the north of Marajó. These two narrow channels at different periods are traversed by currents flowing at one time northward, and at an another southward, depending upon the tide and upon the varying height of the rivers they unite. On the eastern channel, called Paranán, is the town of Breves, a place of much local importance, having a saw-mill and a sugar-mill, and being the centre of the rubber trade of a considerable area. Paranán having silted up to a depth of only five fathoms, large vessels now follow the western channel, Boiussu Furo, whose very existence even is not indicated upon any maps. Just where these two narrow *furos* depart northward towards the great Amazon, the estuary attains an unusual width, and stretches away to the west like a vast sea, with the horizon traced in an arc upon its bosom. This is the Bahia Portel, which, expanding and contracting many times, ends at last abruptly one hundred miles away. On its shores are the towns of Melgaço and Portel, little centres of rubber trade.

The ride through Boiussu Furo is a splendid introduction to the Valley of the Amazon, a portal enriched with all the luxuriance of

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palms and vines and gorgeous foliage which the tropics can produce. Here and there against the massive forest walls will be façades of palms, columns upholding green roofs of such graceful arabesques as an Oriental monarch might waste his kingdom to reproduce. Ever and anon a delicate but enormous dome, constructed of a material which, against the clear blue sky, looks like matchless lace, rises above the level forest. These are mammoth sama-umas, the grandest and most conspicuous trees in the sylva of Brazil. The smooth white trunk towers more than a hundred feet without a branch, expending its whole strength there in this crowning effort of lace-like architecture. It is also known for the pods of silky fibre which it bears, and which has gained it the name of "cotton tree." At places where a tree has fallen one can see into the forests, but not far. Within all is black, like a cavern in which reigns the gloom of eternal night. Elsewhere the palms and vines close up the sides, embellished with blooms of many hues, which fill the breeze with delicious odors. As night draws near, the forest, which had been dumb, all at once grows wholly vocal, every bush and tree sending forth the shout and whistle of some feathered songster in an ecstasy of riotous glee. The birds of Brazil have not only beauty of plumage to recommend them, but a gift of music as sweet as any heard in Northern meadows. But soon the sun falls below the wall of the mighty woods, the bird voices hush, while a chill stealing into the air warns the stranger to have caution and retreat to the shelter of the steamer's cabin.

Such is the portal. The following dawn has wrought a change. The vessel is steaming up the broad, muddy Amazon, and the forests have become less luxuriant. But still there is grandeur in them, and the orchids have increased in number, sometimes taking almost complete possession of a lofty tree. Native huts thatched with palm-leaves are more frequent. These clearings are locally termed *fazendas*, a name equivalent to "plantation," but they are in fact nothing more than small, ill-kept tropical gardens, yielding a few bananas, some yucas, and a little mandioca, the root from which farina and tapioca are prepared. There are *fazendas* along the river worthy of the name, but the little Indian hut and clearing is far more common. On the river are many little canoes, each partly covered by a low arched canopy, or roof, of palm leaves. This is the sole means of communication, for there are no roads in the valley of the Amazon; consequently no horses, no mules, no oxen; nothing but canoes. When the canoe carries a sail, it becomes an *igarité*, and is a mark of luxury. The sails are also frequently painted red and blue, producing very artistic effects on the glassy river. They, and all canoes, are usually bent upon some mission connected with rubber, either seeking it or conveying it to market. Occasionally, as we ride close to the shore, a native may be seen "smoking" his rubber, or *borracha*, as he calls it.

The process of rubber gathering is interesting. The Indian makes three or four incisions an inch wide with a narrow hatchet, cutting barely through the bark of the tree. Under each incision he causes a little tin cup to adhere by a bit of moistened clay. Into these cups the borracha milk exudes from the wounds. He goes from tree to tree doing the same, until he has tapped as many as he can conveniently attend to in a day. He then returns to the first tree and goes the round again, collecting the milk into a bucket. Each gash will yield from two to three tablespoonfuls of the sap. This will soon coagulate if not "smoked," which process consists in pouring the milk over a paddle, or round stick, and passing it through the smoke from a fire of palm nuts, which causes it to thicken. More milk is poured upon the paddle, and treated similarly, until the successive coats have made a large ball, often eighteen inches in diameter, called a *pelle*. The nuts of the palm Inajá yield the best smoke for this purpose; but as they are not so plentiful, the nuts of the Urucury' are more commonly employed. When neither can be obtained, recourse is had to the more abundant Uauassú. The peculiar virtue of this smoke has not, to my knowledge, been investigated, but the answer of an Indian that it is "o pungimento," the pungency, is significant. The smoke of wood will not serve. Great care is needed in the operation lest part of the rubber should coagulate. When this happens, the product is termed "entra fina," which is the middle grade between "borracha fina," the best, and "sernamby," which is the inferior, wholly coagulated material, as it is found oozing from the trees. Efforts have been made, and are now making, to discover some means to preserve the milk and ship it in its fluid state; but some device to insure perfect "smoking" would perhaps be an equally satisfactory solution of the problem, if the natives could be taught to use it.

The rubber is yielded by a tree very unlike the so-called rubber plant shown in Northern greenhouses. It is tall, with smooth white trunk, often somewhat crooked, and branching at the top into a thick cluster of small gnarled limbs, scantily covered with lustreless green foliage. In Brazil it is called the Seringa. Rubber gathering is the chief industry of the valley of the Amazon. Cocoa plantations and cattle ranches have been abandoned for this business, which, while it is the present sole support, is also, under the existing system, the great obstacle to the development of the resources of the country, by drawing the people away from better occupations. It constitutes the basis of all the commerce of the vast province of Amazonas.

Manáos, a city of 14,000 inhabitants, the capital of Amazonas, is apparently destined to enjoy a prosperous future. There is a growing business in rubber, the exact quantities exported being, in 1887, 1,762 tons; in 1888, 2,167 tons; in 1889, 3,252 tons, including the latest shipments—a gain of 85 per cent. in three years. There are two lines of ocean-going ships which ascend these thousand miles of Amazon River for the trade of this port. One of these lines sails direct from New York, and the number of ships will be increased during the ensuing year. Manáos is situated about nine miles from the Amazon on the east bank of the Rio Negro. In the harbor fronting the city is a depth of fifteen fathoms at low water, and during several months of the year the river rises from twenty to thirty feet higher. The town, which is built on hills of considerable height, has protected its water-front by a handsome brown-stone wall. The houses are generally low, all tile-roofed, and many cornices are ornamented with statuettes. There are three large churches, that of Matriz da Conceição being the most pretentious. It is often called the Cathedral, which, however, is a misnomer, as the two great provinces of the Amazon, Grão Pará and Amazonas, constitute a single diocese under the bishop whose seat is in the city of Pará. This building is of the usual square type with two belfries, common to the country. The church of Nossa Senhora dos Remedios is more modern in style, having a square brown-stone corniced tower, which looks very pretty among its palms, with flocks of pigeons flying in and out of the belfry windows. There are several schools, mostly parochial, and one college under Government patronage, occupying a white marble building called the Lyceum. Within this structure is also a museum, containing an excellent herbarium and a collection of curiosities.

An iron market building of American construction, the pride of Manáos, stands above the wall fronting the river. There are busy scenes here in the early morning, when the population turns out to procure supplies—men in suits of immaculate white, others in white blouse and blue trousers, negro women with baskets on their heads, and a Babel of unintelligible dialects. A list of the provisions exposed for sale here may serve to show the limitations of the cuisine in Manáos. Beef of excellent quality is always obtainable. Many varieties of fish, large and small—preipitingo, very sweet and almost boneless; tambague, and pirarucú, coarse but good; acaré, resembling the sturgeon; surubí, a beautiful fish with leopard-like markings; with more besides. Cabbages, scrawny in appearance, but mild and pleasant in flavor, are abundant. Pumpkins, squashes, beans, yams, tomatoes, cucumbers, okra, lettuce, chicory, machaxeira, the Brazilian substitute for potatoes; jurumo, like a pumpkin; maxixi, like a cucumber; carurú, a green leaf used with agreeable effect in soups; peppers of many kinds, onions, and garlic, constitute a goodly array of vegetables. Fruits are present in the usual tropical abundance. Chickens and eggs, farina and tapioca, are also prominent. It is evident that one need not fare badly in Manáos, and a little more energy in gardening could easily enlarge the list of vegetables.

Manáos is at present lighted by gasoline lamps, but a gas company has been organized and will soon put in a plant. A system of water-works is already supplying the city with pure spring water impounded in the hills near by, and an English firm, having successfully instituted a cotton mill at Ceará on the coast, will probably soon have a similar factory in operation, utilizing a *cachoeira* or waterfall, now the great picnic-ground of the Manaenses, to furnish power. One of the great disadvantages under which this city labors is the absence of banking-houses. Drafts can be purchased from several business firms having dealings with merchants in Pará, but often no money can be obtained, and rubber lies awaiting shipment until the owners can secure enough from Pará to pay the export duties. A bank in Manáos would, however, encounter severe difficulties in the prevalence of lax methods of conducting business. It is not considered a disgrace for a merchant to suffer his paper to go to protest. He simply tells you to be patient and wait a little, and in order to get your money you must exercise forbearance. Business is *never* done on a cash basis, and a man's commercial consequence is often estimated, not on the amount he owns, but on the amount he owes! His ability to obtain credit is the measure of his affluence. Moreover, a merchant of any prominence will be "matriculated," which is another stumbling-block in the way of legitimate dealing. Such a one is registered with the Board of Trade, having paid therefor a fee, and he is then entitled to many privileges, one of which is that his property cannot be attached ("embargoed") for debt, and he can be forced into bankruptcy only when three creditors proceed against him.

A better spirit is springing up here, however, and even native merchants express a desire to see the abrogation of many of the commercial

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laws and regulations of the port, which now embarrass the progress of the city, and they are hoping for such reforms under the new Republican régime. Manáos already imports from the United States all the flour, soap, kerosene, candles, axes, and cutlery she uses, and there are possibilities for a large extension of our trade with this important port.

# Correspondence.

## THE NICKEL PARADOX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The anti-protection scoffers—jubilant, no doubt, under the influence of British gold—have got a story here to the effect that the millionaire proprietor of our great and only nickel mine, who has preached and written *ad nauseam* to prove the blessings of a tariff on that article high enough to compel all Americans to buy only of him and at his price, has undergone a change of heart. It is said his Pennsylvania monopoly has "petered out," and he is now obliged to get his supply from Canada, and begins to think the time has come when the prohibitory duty may be advantageously removed.

Whether this delightful story be true or not, it may at least serve to remind us of the big mistake made by Providence in giving us a natural deposit of the useful article in question—that is, supposing he intended it for our benefit. As long as we possessed no nickel in our country, we were allowed to buy it wherever we could find it best and cheapest. But no sooner was that accursed Pennsylvania mine discovered and successfully grabbed than the Congressional "fat-fryers" interposed and forbade us, under penalty of heavy duties, to buy even so much as a coffin-plate, except from that particular philanthropist and at his own price.

Let us thank Heaven that a beneficent Deity has seen fit to take back the gift which has been so expensive and disastrous, and let us have prayers said in all the churches that he may deign to take back all similar natural gifts, so that we may peradventure regain the liberty enjoyed even by African savages of buying what we want wherever we wish, and at half the Congressional prices. W.

Philadelphia, March 17, 1890.

## "A SIDE LIGHT ON GREEK ART."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I perfectly agree, in the main, with Mr. Stillman, the more so as I was the first to point out in the *Nation* (October 1, 1885) the fraudulent character of the terracotta groups. Since the publication of my two papers in the *Classical Review* (1888, pp. 119-123, 153-155), where I summed up the whole controversy and stated the complete literature of the question, I have come to the conviction that the single terracotta figures sold as Asiatic, Tanagræan, Corinthian, and the like are in very many cases the work of *the same forgers* who make up the now rather discredited large groups. Sitting and reclining females, Victories, and ἀστραγαλίζουσαι are particularly to be suspected. I have quoted some conspicuous forgeries of these types in a late number of the *Revue Archéologique* (July, 1889, p. 128).

Where I *do not* agree with Mr. Stillman is when he says that the large groups are imported from Smyrna. Indeed, I sternly deny this, having published in the *Revue Archéologique* (1886, vol. ii., p. 92) the official record of the seizure to which Mr. Stillman alludes. These groups had been shipped at the Peiræus on board a French steamer going to Marseilles; the cases which contained them were examined and found to originate from the shop of a celebrated Athenian dealer, now deceased. A curious proof of this was that one of the groups was wrapped up in a sheet from a periodical to which the learned dealer in question was the only subscriber in Athens. It has never been possible to retrace the *provenance* of any group further east than Athens, and I am absolutely sure, from private information, that no group of any artistic value has ever been fabricated at Smyrna. Both Hamdi Bey and Baltazzi Bey have repeatedly investigated the matter on the spot and come to the same conclusion as myself.

I have lately received some hints as to the names and nationality of the clever artists who produce that highly interesting series of forgeries. The question may arise: Why does the Greek Government not prosecute them? But the answer to this question is an easy one: The forgers are the best auxiliaries to the stringent but little observed laws which prohibit the exportation of Greek antiquities. It is a real good fortune for the Greeks that, when the law is infringed in the matter of terracottas, nine times out of ten it is but apparently infringed, the smuggled object being no antiquity at all. Every forgery sold to an enthusiastic but ignorant amateur tourist keeps a genuine antique inside the country. I have even been told that forged groups have already been offered at the Hellenic court as diplomatic presents! Be that as it may, some of these groups are so prettily made up that they will certainly maintain a serious value in the market, even when the fraud shall be—as is not yet the case—generally acknowledged.

Yours truly, Salomon Reinach.

Château de St. Germain-en-Laye (Seine-et-Oise), March 8, 1890.

## GERMAN UNIVERSITY METHODS AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. George Hempl misinterprets my letter to the *Nation* of February 13 if he believes me moved by a desire to revolutionize the position of instructors in American colleges. My sole aim was to point out the peculiar advantages for special work open to young university teachers in Germany, and the comparative lack of such opportunities for the same class of teachers in this country. Mr. Hempl's objection to my taking Berlin and Munich as specimens of the German system seems to me all the more untenable as I contrasted these two largest German universities with two of the largest American universities. Nor can I admit that the *Lector* rather than the *Privatdocent* corresponds to the American instructor. The functions of the *Lector* are limited to the teaching of practice in modern languages; and of his social position one may form an idea from the fact that in the Catalogue of the University at Kiel he is classified with the fencing and the riding-master. With regard to the omission of seminary work in my comparison of the work done by professors and *Privatdocenten*, having stated that seminaries were conducted by both classes of teachers, I hardly thought that my figures could give rise to misunderstanding on that point.

Kuno Francke.

Harvard University, March 21, 1890.

## "MORALE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The correct French use of (*la*) *morale* being "moral philosophy" or "moral lesson," and of (*le*) *moral* what Shakspere would have called "mind" and we should call "heart" (*e. g.*, *lui remonter le moral*, "to put heart into him"), can any of your readers point out an explanation of our misuse of the word *morale* for "moral tone"? Or is it another blunder that must go the way of *nom de plume*, *Encore!* and *double entendre?* Yours, etc.,

I. H. B. Spiers.

Wm. Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, March 17, 1890.

# Notes.

The eighth volume of Horace Howard Furness's 'Variorum Shakspere,' "As You Like It," will be published in the course of another month by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce 'The Proposed Revision of the Westminster Standards,' by Dr. Shedd; 'The Negro Question,' being Mr. George W. Cable's reply to the late H. W. Grady, in an address before the Massachusetts Club on Washington's Birthday; 'The Wife of the First Consul,' from the French of M. Imbert de Saint-Amand, by T. S. Perry; 'English Lands, Letters, and Kings,' a second volume by Donald G. Mitchell; and the following fiction: 'Little Saint Elizabeth, and Other Stories,' by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett; 'The Lawton Girl,' by Harold Frederic; and 'Expiation,' by Octave Thanet.

A translation of Henryk Sienkiewicz's Polish novel, 'Fire and Sword,' by Jeremiah Curtin, is in the press of Little, Brown & Co.

The Albany Book Company will publish 'The Princess of Montserrat,' a tale of modern adventure in the Caribbean Sea, by William Drysdale, who has a wide acquaintance with the West India Islands.

'The Diaries and Letters of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore,' in two octavo volumes, are to be issued on this side of the water by Belford-Clarke Co.

Mr. Bryce's chapter on "The Absence of a Capital" in the United States of course notices Washington's deficiency as a literary centre. Naturally, that city's literary productiveness, such as it is, is more or less closely related to the Government departments lodged there, and for this the Public Printer suffices. When Mr. Henry Adams, however, for example, was ready to admit the general reader to his 'History of the United States,' of which the third and fourth volumes have just appeared, Washington, though the fittest imprint in the whole country for such a work, had no publishing-house of national fame and standing. We have always regarded it as a serious drawback to the merited popularity of Mr. James Schouler's 'History of the United States'—a much more compendious work than the foregoing—that it was published at our so-called capital. By a recent change Mr. Schouler has removed the publication to this city, and we have from Dodd, Mead & Co. the four volumes thus far issued, from 1783 to 1847. The plates have, of course, been reëmployed, but the page has a more liberal margin allowed it, and the new binding is a great improvement upon the old. We trust that the work, which awaits a fifth volume for its completion, will now enter the channels of trade with more directness and prestige.

Two years ago we spoke at some length and in praise of the agreeable little work on 'Colo-

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nial Times on Buzzard's Bay,' by William Root Bliss (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The popular favor it met with directly has led the author to prepare a new and somewhat enlarged edition, to which we still wish he had seen fit to add an index. As the New Jersey 'Story of an Old Farm,' which we lately noticed, was constructed around the fortunes of the Mellick family (the author's), so Mr. Bliss finds his central core in the archives of the *Fearing family (his wife's)*. The narrative thus gains both in personal interest and in authenticity. The book is very prettily made up.

Dodd, Mead & Co. accompany a reprint of Mr. Frank Stockton's 'The Great War Syndicate' with the same writer's laughable 'Stories of the Three Burglars,' which has already seen the light in the Boston *Transcript*, if our memory serves us. Both illustrate the peculiar quality of Mr. Stockton's humor, and more need not be said.

The latest issues of the "Carisbrooke Library" (Geo. Routledge & Sons) include 'The English Prose Writings of John Milt n,' exclusive of his replies to opponents, and 'Early Prose Romances.' The editor, Mr. Henry Morley, contributes to the former an introduction which is in the main a biography, with special reference to the public occasions of these writings. He observes that one reason for the neglect of Milton's prose is that the subjects discussed in them have largely ceased to be questions, since the reforms suggested have been carried out; but this does not make the papers useless, since they deal with great principles in a broad way, independent of their noble eloquence, and it is therefore not without hope of interesting the public that he has included them in this Library in a cheap, well-printed, and convenient form. Such an edition has long been a desideratum. The second volume, 'Early Prose Romances,' comprises in the contents Reynard the Fox, Friar Bacon, Robert the Devil, Guy of Warwick, Virgilius, History of Hamlet, Friar Rush, and a few of the Hundred Merry Tales. The text is from early English editions, and is accompanied by a bibliographical introduction. The English is not modernized, but is not difficult even for the general reader. The collection represents very well the story-telling of the age, and there is a directness in the narrative which is lost in the modern renderings, together with the charm of simplicity.

Mr. Angelo Lewis, who still uses the pen name of "Prof. Hoffmann," has now published yet another work on modern magic—this time on 'Tricks with Cards' (F. Warne & Co.). Mr. Lewis is distinctly the foremost authority on conjuring in our time, and he knows how to impart his information to the ignorant. The "Charlier Chaplet," for example (the workings of which are explained on page 60), enable an adroit performer with imagination and the dramatic faculty to outdo the strangest feats of the spiritualists. This Charlier chaplet is what is most novel in 'Tricks with Cards,' which necessarily contains much that is familiar to all who have studied the art; but it is only fair to say that "Prof. Hoffmann" has given us quite the best book on the subject: clear, comprehensive, and almost complete.

In the last number of Mr. J. H. Hickcox's Monthly Catalogue of United States Government Publications (Washington), we read that the Commissioner of Labor has had printed the results of his investigations on the subject of marriage and divorce in this country, making a volume of more than 1,000 pages. Pending authority from Congress to print an edition for general distribution, the Commissioner can respond only to special requests for this report.

We have received the preliminary announcement of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia, and whose president is Prof. E J. James of the University of Pennsylvania, with a general advisory committee, weightily composed, from all sections of the country. This organization dates from December 14, 1889, and the objects intimated in its title will be pursued in such aspects, chiefly, as other societies do not entertain, or else neglect, as sociology, constitutional and administrative law, philosophy of the State, and some portions of the field of politics. Publication is contemplated, regular meetings will be held, a library established, etc. Endowments are called for to supplement annual and life-membership fees. The Corresponding Secretary is R. P. Falkner, Germantown, Pa.; the Treasurer Stuart Wood, No. 400 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Funk & Wagnalls have started a weekly eclectic paper called the *Literary Digest*, a sort of American *Review of Reviews*, but with more of condensation and abridgment than of abstracting. Thus the *North American* controversy between Gladstone and Blaine is cut down to two pages and a quarter of the *Digest*. This may be edifying to people who want the kernel, but it of course destroys all intellectual pleasure and profit, to say nothing of the chance of misrepresentation. Other departments are mere imitations of *Public Opinion*, or, as in the case of the "Book Digests," simple reviews conspicuous in the first number for the absence of excerpts. There is a useful index to periodical literature, a record of current publications, and a diary of current events.

The *Portfolio* (Macmillan), having completed in 1889 a course of twenty years, opened with the January number a new series, preserving the same form, but enlarged in the number of pages, with bolder type and a columnless page. Mr. Hamerton gracefully reviews the history of this best of English art journals, bringing to view the editorial collaboration which he, who "never lived in England more than three months at a time," has had from Mr. Richmond Seeley, and renewing the purpose of the *Portfolio* to avoid militant criticism, and to do something "to bring artists and the public nearer together." The January number is remarkable further for the beginning of a series of illustrated articles on the British Seas, of which the text is furnished by that novelist of the main, W. Clark Russell, and for the first of two articles on Walter Crane, by F. G. Stephens, likewise fully illustrated. In the February number Mr. Hamerton's review of Mr. Pennell's sumptuous work on 'Pen Drawing' is an excellent example of his temper and discrimination, and will be gratefully welcomed by the wood-engraving fraternity, who, for the rest, find scant employment in the *Portfolio's* illustrations. Incidentally Mr. Hamerton throws light on the helio-processes of etching — photo-etching they might well be called; and he has also a word for English catholicity in art as opposed to French ignorance of and indifference to art beyond their own frontiers. The etched plates of these three numbers confirm the promise to maintain the *Portfolio's* standard in this particular. We are glad to learn that an index of the twenty volumes is in preparation, and that the American circulation of the *Portfolio* is a significant part of the whole. In the March issue Mr. Hamerton reviews M. E. Müntz's 'Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance.'

*L'Art* (Macmillan) entered with 1890 upon its sixteenth year, with no change of character or dress, and nothing startling in its prospectus, which promises particular attention to the artistic progress of "the great secular republic of the United States." To the issue for February 15 M. Adolphe Jullien contributes a very agreeable article, illustrated with his peculiar aptness, on Eugène Renduel, the memorable publisher of the Romantic school of French writers, who ended his days as a country gentleman amid his trees and his garden. We have portraits of himself and wife, a view of his château at Beuvron, and vignettes from his publications. "C'était presque une promesse, un brevet de célébrité que d'être édité par lui," says M. Jullien. Would that all publishers had the ambition to win a like epitaph.

*Artistic Japan*, of which the American edition is published at No. 220 Fifth Avenue, New York, is issued in its tardy monthly fashion, attaining its latest and seventeenth number just now, though it bears date October, 1889. The full-page plates are numerous in this and the preceding numbers, and cover a large part of the field of decorative art in Japan—stuff patterns, flowers, birds, landscape, statuary. In the September number there is a very interesting group of ivory carvings, masterly in execution and humorous without exception. The text is interspersed with designs generally having some pertinency, as in the case of the articles on Hiroshigé (August and September), or Philippe Burty's on Japanese pottery (October). They seem to us, however, rather distracting to the reader.

*Vom Fels zum Meer* (F. W. Christern) has a department likely to be self-sustaining for some time. It is styled "Physiognomical Correspondence"; and a beginning is made by some good-looking young woman, or her admirers, sending in a photograph to Prof. Isenbeck, who then writes down her character for the benefit of the magazine readers, who, of course, have the portrait for comparison. This disciple of Lavater is unduly susceptible for his office. He even calls for ice-water to check his ardor of expression.

A map of North Britain, one of Eastern Europe—say the scene of the next explosion of the Eastern Question—and another of the Western Balkan peninsula make up part ix. of the new "Stieler's Hand-Atlas" (New York: Westermann). On the second sheet is interpolated a map of the Southern Ural region.

Mr. G. L. Feuardent comes to the rescue of the discredited Tanagra figurines, in the *Studio* of March 15, in opposition both to Mr. Stillman and to Mr. Reinach, whose letter we print in another column.

—The April *Atlantic* opens with the first of two papers upon "Some Popular Objections to Civil-Service Reform," by Oliver T. Morton. It is written with great vigor, and gains in clearness by the division of the subject-matter into well-defined chapters, each of which deals briefly with some special phase of the opposition to the reform. In this way Mr. Morton successfully examines the weight of truth and argument contained in such statements as that the reform is a step backward to the discarded methods of the founders of the Government, that it is undemocratic, that it is an English importation and better harmonizes with English theories of administration, that examination is not a perfect means of selecting the most capable servants, and so forth. The remarks he makes are trenchant and uncompromising, and serve to make more widely known the results of reform thinking upon these branches of the subject; indeed, his article is an excellent summary of that thinking, and shows an advanced stage of the general argument in the public

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mind. Prof. Thayer contributes a remarkably forcible example of the way in which prepossessions affect the mind's judgment, even in the region of applied law and under the restrictions of legal procedure; he tells the history of two great cases of trial for witchcraft, viewing them wholly from a legal point of view, and discusses in general the application of the machinery of justice to things supernatural when the verdict is to be given by a jury. The paper is an admirable illustration of what may be called social psychology. A third very striking article is upon the constitution and governmental methods of the Belgians, in which the extraordinary success of that nation, though Catholic, in securing liberty, is well brought out, and the impending crisis by which liberalism, in fulfilling itself by grant of universal suffrage, threatens its own destruction, is foreshadowed. The discussion of the education and ballot laws is especially timely. The remainder of the number is of the usual calibre.

—We mentioned last week Mr. Henry Sargent Codman's zealous and careful essay towards a bibliography of landscape gardening in *Garden and Forest* for March 12. A closer examination of it enables us to point out some curious omissions. The work was "prepared in the library of the British Museum, in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and in other private and public libraries." Yet, singularly enough, it does not include a number of works that are in the Boston Athenæum, only three or four miles from the compiler's dwelling. They are: 1763, Chambers, W., 'Plans of the Gardens at Kew'; 1785, 'Elements of modern Gardening'; [182– ?], Taylor, I., 'Decorations for Parks and Gardens'; 1826, Fosbrooke, T. D., 'The Tourists' Grammar; or, Rules relating to Scenery, including an Epitome of Gilpin's Principles of the Picturesque'; 1842, R. Brown, "Instruction on the Art of Laying Out and Ornamenting Grounds" [in his 'Domestic Architecture']; 1866, Copeland, R. M., 'Supplement to the Fifth Edition of Country Life'; 1869, Lefèvre, A., 'Les Parcs et les Jardins'; 1886, Parey, P., 'Verlagskatalog,' a booksellers' catalogue, *i. e.*, so far as it goes, a bibliography. Probably nearly every one of these is in the British Museum, but as those libraries, like most European libraries, have no subject-catalogue, they were hidden from Mr. Codman. The existence of a subject-catalogue at the Boston Athenæum, however, made it possible to add them to his list in a few minutes. Some twenty years ago, a European professor complained in our columns of the cost of the great subject-catalogue of Harvard College Library, and urged the use of bibliographies in their place. We showed at the time the insufficiency of the substitute for the needs of American libraries, pointing out that there are no bibliographies of a majority of subjects; that those which exist are getting more and more out of date every year, and can only be made to include the latest publications by the very inconvenient device of supplements; that a bibliography at the best is a very clumsy tool, since one must first find out what books there are on a subject, and then enter upon another investigation to ascertain if they are in the library; and now we may add that a bibliography even executed with care is sure to have some gaps. Suppose any one had been dependent upon Mr. Sargent's list to get at the landscape-gardening books in the Boston Athenæum; he would have missed half of them. We have one other criticism to make. Mr. Sargent endeavored to include all articles and reviews except such as appeared in horticultural and agricultural journals. The exception is reasonable and indeed necessary; but it seems to us that a complete bibliography ought at least to give a list of these journals. As it is now, the inquirer has in this bibliography no clue whatever to the existence and whereabouts of the articles and reviews in question.

—The meeting of the Society of Authors was held in Willis's Rooms, London, on February 27. No business of special interest was transacted. The annual report was read, but, though the power as well as the work of the Society seems to be increasing, there was nothing of great note to record. Authors have received advice, MSS. have been read, warnings against dishonest publishers given, and thus the first object of the Society—the maintenance, definition, and defence of literary property—has been in a measure accomplished. But towards the promotion of international copyright, another of its objects, and one in which Americans are much more interested, little has been done. The matter has been left in the hands of a competent committee, composed of eminent lawyers, and a "Bill to amend and to consolidate Domestic Copyright, or to place International Copyright upon a more satisfactory basis, has been for some time in the hands of the Board of Trade." It is worth while calling the attention of American publishers to the fact that the Society has been in communication with the Secretary of State for the Colonies on the open sale of American pirated editions which is said to prevail in many of them. An assurance has been obtained that in one, the Straits Settlement, the law shall be rigorously enforced, and an inquiry is being made as to the state of affairs in all the others so that the necessary action may be taken. The Society has published two of the books it promised last year. One, on 'The Cost of Production,' for private circulation only, contains much useful information about the charges for printing, paper, binding, etc., but it is far from being complete. No particulars are furnished as to the cost of illustrations, though nowadays one-third of the books published are illustrated, and nothing whatever is said about fine editions. The other book is a 'Note on the Société des Gens de Lettres,' giving a sketch of the origin and growth of the French organization, and its rules and regulations.

—Mr. Worthington C. Ford's edition of the Writings of Washington (Putnams) has reached its fifth volume. The fourth deals wholly with the year 1776, and leads from the evacuation of Boston to the loss of New York after the battle of Long Island—and after the Declaration of Independence. In the fifth volume the surprise of Trenton and the subsequent brilliant operations of the commander-in-chief are the surpassing features of Revolutionary progress. Both volumes end gloomily—the one, with the patriot army on the eve of dissolution in consequence of the expiration of enlistments; the other, with the distraction caused by the British expedition against Philadelphia and the approach of Burgoyne from the North. In vol. iv. we remark Washington's incidental testimony to the powerful effect of Paine's 'Common Sense' (April 1, 1776), his familiar allusion to "Old Put," and his desire to call in the aid of the Eastern Indians of Massachusetts (*i. e.*, Maine), as an offset to the acts of the British in making use of foreign mercenaries and in exciting slaves and savages to arm against the Revolutionists. In vol. v. we have a fresh defence of the character of the Eastern troops against "illiberal reflections" prevalent in Virginia. "No people fly to arms readier than they do, or come better equipped, or with more regularity into the field than they." Nor do "any of the States produce better men, or persons capable of making better soldiers." But "they are (generally speaking) most wretchedly officered," since the policy of the States has been to obliterate the distinction between officers and soldiers, and "to level men as much as possible to one standard." Washington also declares the Hessians more merciful than the British, who are rumored to be about to reinforce themselves with Russians, and Washington thinks them quite capable of employing "Russians, or any other barbarians." In another letter, desiring a bodyguard, he prefers "natives" (of New Jersey) to "foreigners" (natives of other States). To Washington we owe, on the advice of Knox, the selection of Springfield, Mass., as the seat of the Government "laboratory and cannon-foundery." By what we must consider an error of judgment, of which the editor himself confesses misgivings, Mr. Ford has incorporated with the genuine letters of Washington the forged letters of 1776. They are, to be sure, printed in smaller type, but they are placed in the body of the work, and inserted chronologically with the genuine letters, as if the dates had an historic value. Mr. Ford has since done what would have been sufficient for these lying productions: he has made them into a monograph which is issued by the Historical Printing Club, 97 Clark Street, Brooklyn.

—"The reason," writes a correspondent from Washington, "why negroes do not read fiction, poetry, and works of humor, is not far to seek. Every one acquainted with their character testifies that they are bent upon improvement. Having learned, amid many difficulties, to read at all, they do not select books for the purpose of passing away the time. As they take a very serious view of life, and consider ecclesiastical or political prominence the most desirable of all things, they naturally seek information on law, on government, on theology. It will be found that everywhere negroes readily buy the 'Library of Universal Knowledge'—a book which, for the money, contains, as they think, more useful information than any other. Those of a little higher type select the writings of the ancients, Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, because they wish to excite admiration for their elocutional accomplishments and for their sound views on sociological and political matters. The librarian of one of our largest departments in Washington has for many years studied the literary tastes of the colored people who are allowed to use the miscellaneous collection of books under her charge. Her testimony is that their first choice usually is a book relating to the duties of the citizen, the methods of the public speaker, or the problems of ethics. Their next choice is a biographical or historical volume. They never select for their own reading any light or polite literature. In fact, every book drawn by them is meant to equip them as parliamentarians, politicians, or divines. The humor of it is to hear demands made by most ignorant negroes for the ponderous tomes of erudite scholars. One of this class, who rejected with indignation the offer of 'something in the way of biography,' because he was 'tired of all this chography anyhow,' gladly jumped at the 'Life of Wesley.' Another recently demanded the 'Life of Sourcrout.' He was promptly supplied with 'Socrates.' Fiction is under the ban of their churches, for nearly all negroes are either Baptists or Methodists. But this does not account for their apathy towards merely exciting,

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amusing, or agreeable literature. The real reason is to be found in the negro's mental disposition and late entrance into the intellectual life. By knowledge he hopes to rise; he therefore wishes his share of it to be solid and extensive. But, above all, he craves that sort which will enable him to dazzle, to persuade, and to control bodies of men. The church rules are really needed only for the women. A few of them, it is said, read novels."

## THE FIRST AMERICAN TRANSLATION OF 'WAR AND PEACE.'

*War and Peace.* By Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. From the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. Four vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

In noticing these volumes it is not necessary to say anything about the work of Count Tolstoi. That is a subject which has been discussed, as a whole, overmuch, in superfluous prefaces and otherwise, when one takes into consideration that the critics have lacked the fundamental requisites for forming an adequate judgment, namely, acquaintance with Russian life or language, or both.

Up to the present time the English-reading public has been obliged to found its opinion of 'War and Peace' on the mangled and otherwise seriously defective version through the French which was published several years ago, just as they are still obliged to derive their ideas as to the author's other great work, 'Anna Karenin,' from a similar version. The present translation—if such a piebald mixture can fairly be called a translation—is from the Russian, and is distinguished by the same vicious practices for which the translator's work is well known, and which becomes more marked with every fresh attempt of his to render a foreign language into English. In 'Anna Karenin' *nu*, *da*, *akh*, and *okh*, all of which words possess perfect English equivalents, were there sprinkled liberally over the pages, as if for the purpose of proving that the version had been made from the original, whereas the only result was the irritation of readers. In 'War and Peace' this system is exaggerated to the extent of introducing nearly one hundred Russian words, which are never translated at all, or are translated once, after which the unhappy reader is left to flounder on in the dark, if his memory fails him, or if he has not sufficient experience of the translator's methods and sufficient presence of mind to note down a glossary for himself. No one ever presumes to offer such work to the public, under the name of "translation," from the French or German. It would not be tolerated for a moment, although it would be much more excusable (though utterly inexcusable), in view of the larger proportion of persons who have at least a smattering of those tongues wherewith to eke out the translator's ignorance. One infers ignorance in the present instance rather than a desire to add "local color" because of the significant fact that, in every case where "local color," *i. e.*, delicate and characteristic national touches, occurs in the original, the translator has ruined it. In some cases a faithful rendering of the printed words was alone required to bring out the true sense; and the printed words are deliberately ignored, or reversed to conform to what the translator thinks Tolstoi ought to have said. In other cases the ignorance is involuntary, not wilful; but it equally annihilates the meaning.

Another point which deserves severe criticism is the manner in which the French phrases are handled. "For the amusement or gratification of the cultured reader," says the curious preface, "some of the polyglot conversation so characteristic of the story, as it was characteristic of educated Russians *two generations ago* [the italics are ours], has been relegated to footnotes." If this were so, we should have but little to say, except that footnotes are an abomination in anything but a scientific work, or when strictly national localities, viands, and so on, which have no English equivalent, require a word of explanation. Or if every French word except, possibly, *mon cher*, *ma chère*, *au revoir*, and *adieu* had been translated and printed in the text, in italics, the problem of illustrating "characteristic conversation" would have been thoroughly solved. As it is, no settled plan has been pursued, and the average reader will emerge from his struggle with the book with aching head and temper. Sometimes the phrase is repeated in the text in both French and English; sometimes the French is added in a footnote, as per preface, sometimes the English; sometimes one-half of the phrase is translated while the other half is not. To quote only one instance: Julie Karaguin's letter to the Princess Marya, which is pure French in the original, is reproduced in a fantastic and arbitrary mosaic of French and English, of the translator's own devising. The most effective comment on this process is furnished by Count Tolstoi's own action in changing everything into Russian in the latest editions, with the exception of perhaps one French or German word to one hundred thousand Russian.

Before proceeding to illustrate the literary offences above alluded to, and others, by a few examples, another word must be devoted to the footnotes. As we have said, footnotes are a dizzy abomination, only to be pardoned by imperative necessity and vindicated by their accuracy of information, whereas, in these volumes, they are absurd. Why should the wretched reader have his paragraph ruined and his head made to swim by being forced to see in the footnote that "a short jacket" is thus and so in Russian? Who cares which of the half-dozen Russian equivalents has been used by Tolstoi for "my dear fellow," or what the Russian is for "good-bye"? And why is not "my God" as suitable for the text as for a footnote? If the words are properly translated from the French or Russian, a footnote is a superfluous bane. This affectation of scrupulous exactness is ludicrously out of keeping with the more or less glaring errors which adorn the pages in countless number and variety, and the explanatory notes merely render blackness blacker. Nothing, for instance, could be further from the truth than that *kumatch* is "a sort of fustian"; that a *kalatch* is "a sort of pretzel or light loaf"; or that a *klobuk* is a "cowl"; while the comment upon the forms of the names *Bezukhoi*, *Bezukhoff*, employed, frankly professes ignorance of a very simple matter. An *ekteniya* is by no means "a liturgical prayer for the Imperial family"; a *likhatch* is not "a good driver of horses"—and so on. The examples which follow may be classified as obscurities, absurdities, mistranslations, omissions, additions ("substituting the curved line of beauty for the straight line of duty," which the translator reprehends in others while arrogating his own right to it—see the preface); American slang, bad grammar, ignorance of words, customs, and idioms; wilful or ignorant spoiling of local color; and mixed cases which belong under more than one of these heads. The reader will be able to fit the few assorted specimens which space permits us to give into one or more of these categories for himself, when not indicated.

Passing lightly over the "diamond-buckled shoes" of chapter i., in the place of "low shoes" or "pumps"—the "buckled" having been derived from the French version, and the "diamond" from the translator's own imagination—let us proceed to "rattled off in a stream of talk" for "began to talk"; "they had disagreed about remedies, one preferring one thing, one another," for "they had tried one thing after another"; "he could not find enough to say in praise of" for "he praised"; "still with a smile on his handsome lips" for "with a smile"; "he was fond of running down pedestrians on the street-crossings"—the added "street-crossings" being an absurdity in winter in Moscow; "realized the new delight which was awaiting him" for "found pleasure in it." A fondness for adjectives, particularly of the boarding-school-girl type, results in such phrases as "how *elegantly* he dances," "an *unnaturally* low tone," "*nice* new uniform," "*silken* dresses," where there are no adjectives in the original, and in "a *lovely* relative," for a *fine* relative, a "*lovely*-looking priest" for *good-looking*, and so on. Among the words left in Russian, presumably through ignorance, are, *flügel-adjutant*, *sarafan*, *kasha*, *vozok*, *shubka*, *denshchik*, *kulebyaka*, *leib-hussar*, *shchi*, *afishki*, *kabak*, and so forth. Among those thrown in for company are: *akh*, *okh*, *papenka*, *mamenka*, *politzeimeister*, *general-marsch*, *kompanyonka*, *guvernantka*, *intrigantka*, *dusha moya* (always wrongly accented), *Avstriak*, *Polyak*, *Prusak* (Mr. Dole seems to have been in doubt whether it meant a Prussian or a cockroach), and many others. By a sacrifice of sense to rhyme, "No love is lost 'Twixt Russia and frost," is furnished as the translation, while the real translation, "Russia and summer have no alliance," is supplied in the note as a "variant"! Making havoc with the most characteristic details, the translator represents sheepskin coats as "buttoned," which they never are, and as "lined" (with nankeen cloth and so on), while Tolstoi correctly describes them as "covered." He treats Prince Vasily's fur-lined coat as trimmed with fur; dresses hussars in "wide, sagging pantaloons," makes *sukhari* "biscuit" and "hardtack," both being equally wide of the mark; makes the "glazed vestibule" "mirror-lined"; makes gentle Princess Marya say "beastly," instead of "inhuman," and makes Pierre throw the bear and policeman into the Moscow River instead of the Moïka Canal—a trifling error of 611 versts! He makes Natasha "gentle," which she never was, instead of "slender," makes her "snicker out loud," instead of "jump up," endows her with an impossible "bang" and "pug," and Sonya with a "switch" (clearly false hair) instead of a "braid." He trims Hélène's dress with smilax instead of ivy; calls her "Ellen," a form unknown in Russian society of the time, and which, if the name be so transliterated from the original, demands that *Pierre* should be rendered as *Piyer*. He persistently employs the Russian feminine of surnames, Rostova, Bolkonskaya, and so on, which no Russian ever uses in English or French. He renders "he had just been entered in the Line and immediately transferred to the Guards" as "he had lived some years waiting to be transferred from the Line." "That look of escape from the ills of life with which wretched people regard their labors" is beautified into "he had been working for dear life, just as wretched people, in their efforts to save themselves from the wretchedness of their lives, take up any occupation that comes to hand."

When Pierre is a prisoner, he is described as having shoes of "goatskin," which the reader will probably regard as too commonplace to

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deserve mention, and rightly. What Tolstoi says is, that he had shoes made from the raw bullock's hide from a bale of overland tea. The sledge-driver is said to "wind his whip round a peasant's neck" (instead of striking the peasant), a feat quite impossible of accomplishment. The Virgin's face is represented as "tarnished," which is never the case, instead of "black," which is true of old images, and he has her borne on "carved staves," a pure invention, instead of "with towels," as plainly printed. The hour of the day is mistranslated in every case; the ninth hour, for example, being not "nine," but eight o'clock. *Zal* is neither a ball-room, drawing-room, music-room, nor parlor, as it is rendered in turn, at random. Tolstoi describes the ball-gowns of Natasha and Sonya as being "of a cloudy white material (tulle) over pink silk slips." The translator gives them "pink silk overskirts" and "crêpe" in an impossible combination, and makes Natasha always "chassée" across a ball-room—a most extraordinary performance, for which Count Tolstoi is not responsible. Ignorance of idiom leads to a literal rendering of "to carry these robbers through clean water" and "if a cat were to run between us"; to "Beauty does not make sweetness, but sweetness makes beauty," in place of "You are beautiful because you are dear, not dear because you are beautiful"; and to "Where are the Anferoffs?" instead of "The Anferoffs indeed!"

Natasha is represented as going to another cottage to see Prince Andrei. Even if one be ignorant of the construction of a peasant house, the context shows that this is false. The French are said to have stolen a holy image, whereas they never took anything but the silver or gold settings. The priest is described as officiating "with honeyed unction"—a thing which a Russian priest never does—instead of "the gentle solemnity" which is peculiar to him; while the purple-velvet *skufya* is rendered, "lilac velvet calotte," a very different matter. The deacon is said to have "pressed his cross to his heart," and "crossed himself on the front of his stole," two absurdities only to be surpassed by the rendering of "May the net come upon them without their knowing it, and take them unawares," as ". . . and may the draught of fish which they meant to take surround them on all sides." One feels inclined to inquire what was the outcome of this peculiar position between the surrounding fish and the Lord's "slaves," as "servants" is carelessly given. Another attempt at translating Slavic results in, "Let thy bounty and thy mercy guard us as from everlasting to everlasting," instead of, "Remember thy bounty and thy mercy, which are from everlasting," and so forth.

The two merchants are represented as "setting out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Makarii," instead of to the fair, which is now held at Nizhni-Novgorod, and which is still known as "Makariya," because it was formerly held at a place of that name. One wonders why the *Granovitaya palata* was not rendered "the county jail." It would have been quite as near the truth as "Court of the Exchequer." "You might have had some pity on your children" appears as "you've had a great longing for your children," while *ryabtchik* is stated to be woodcock. Tikhon is said to have "his legs high wrapped in *lapti*" (*lapti* being bast slippers), and as being able, "with absolute certainty, to split a brain with his hatchet at any distance (!); and, taking it by the but [*sic*], cut out dainty ornaments or carved spoons," whereas he really could merely "split a beam with a full swing of his ax, cut pegs," and so on. Pierre is made to say of his wife that "she had never been loved in her whole life for anything but her body," instead of "she had loved nothing but her own body all her life"; and "a batiste shirt evidently but just donned" is "evidently only intended for summer," while "a deep, antiphonal bass" by no means represents the "voice like a protodiakon," and the "black *lepeshki* with buttermilk" of Tolstoi are as different a thing from the "wheat-flour cakes" of the translator as the way in which a Cossack's hair is really cut from the "close-cropped, leaving a tuft," of the improvised English.

Of the various omissions we may allude to divers characteristic epithets referring to Princess Liza, and to a long paragraph in vol. ii., p. 374, which evidently proved too much for the translator. American slang is represented by "That's a great note!" (instead of "Very fine indeed!"); "He took no stock in Zdrzhinsky's story," instead of "He was not pleased with Z's story"; "Training with the cub," instead of "making a turmoil with," and so on. In the question of grammar, we should like to have, among others, the sentences "If it is admitted, as the historians do," and "It makes you dizzy even on a staircase" (vol. i., p. 38), either construed or retranslated.

It will be seen that "local color" would have existed in abundance had more knowledge of language, customs, chronology, more care and more discretion, been used, without resorting to any such devices as the employment of *barin*, *shef-zhendarmof*, *nachalniks*, and so on in the text, and *golubtchik*, the Russian for "a fancy-dress ball," etcetera, in the footnotes. If we do not translate some of the words incorrectly rendered, and quoted above, it is because we do not regard it as our duty to teach the translator Russian any more than we consider it to be his office to force Russian words on the public. In short, owing to these defects and to the false methods for which the translator has already been widely criticised in less offensive cases, these volumes cannot be said to be designed for the *English-reading* public at all, but merely for a few persons who are fairly well acquainted with French and Russian. The position of the person not thus qualified who undertakes the task may be justly compared to that of an unskilled rider who goes to the riding-school for a lesson in equitation in an easy and pleasant ring, and who finds himself suddenly and treacherously launched into a steeplechase course, and left to flounder on helpless and alone. The verdict of the unhappy wight will be apt to assume the form of expression which the present translator applies to the people whom he accuses (and justly) of his own faults: "Here the old law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, repudiated by Count Tolstoi, ought to have a new application!" But the victim will infallibly make the old Scriptural application.

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*Manual of Ancient Sculpture.* By Pierre Paris, late member of the École Française at Athens. Edited and augmented by Jane E. Harrison. With 187 illustrations. 12mo, pp. xvi and 369. London: Grevel; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1890.

M. PARIS'S 'La Sculpture Antique' adds one more treasure to the invaluable "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux Arts." Like its predecessors, it is intended as an introduction, of the most popular kind, to those who know nothing about its subject, and who wish for no more than a general knowledge. The best gift of a teacher of this class is an ability to squeeze the juice out of an enormous mass of material, and administer it in doses that shall be at the same time palatable and nourishing. This gift M. Paris seems to possess to an eminent degree. To compress into the limits of a small duodecimo volume all the salient points in the development of Egyptian, Oriental, Greek, and Roman sculpture, in such a way as to give those entirely unfamiliar with the subject an adequate and unconfused impression, is no small undertaking, yet this M. Paris has accomplished—we will not say completely, as that would be to perform the impossible, but certainly satisfactorily.

It was a fault of Collignon's 'Archéologie Grecque' that it attempted too much. The reader's mind became bewildered among the many new facts and names that it encountered on almost every page, and he was left at the end with a feeling that the subject was too large for the book. This fault M. Paris skilfully avoids. With a style as clear and entertaining as Collignon's, he confines himself to fewer facts, and more generalization from these facts. From each of the epochs he selects only a few of the monuments that best illustrate its characteristics, and, using these as a sort of text, points out the features of the epoch, school, or master to which they belong so clearly that it seems as though his object must be accomplished, even with the most casual reader; while those who read the book carefully will find themselves well equipped for an intelligent visit to any gallery of ancient sculpture. His summary of the characteristics of Egyptian art especially, in the various phases of its development, or rather of its decline, seems to us a masterpiece in its way. The book treats of Egyptian, Oriental, and Greek sculpture, with a final chapter upon sculpture in Etruria and Rome; and though for his materials he has been largely dependent upon the books of Maspero, Babelon, Perrot and Chipiez, and others, he has been admirably successful in getting out of the works mentioned just so much as was needed for his purpose. We know of no short manual of ancient sculpture that can be so confidently recommended to beginners.

Miss Harrison's translation, or "edition," as she calls it, is on the whole well done, and may be used profitably by those unable to read the original, though there are occasional slips in the translation which result in erroneous statements, as, for example, on p. 182, where she speaks of an Apollo of Kalamis "found at the Ceramicus in Athens." No statue of Kalamis has ever been found, and no Apollo has been found in the Ceramicus at Athens. Paris's expression is "qui se trouvait au Céramique," which of course means that the statue formerly stood there.

Much more serious than this, however, are the liberties which Miss Harrison has taken with the original text, and, however trifling these may be in themselves, it would be manifestly unjust to the author to pass them over unnoticed, especially as Miss Harrison herself has done so. An editor or translator has certainly no right to substitute his own opinions for those of his author without giving due and specific notice of the fact, yet this Miss Harrison has done in too many instances to be quoted here, though we may give one or two by way of illustration. Speaking of the *columnæ cœlatæ* at Ephesus, M. Paris says (p. 264):

"Celle que M. Wood a rapportée au Musée Britannique, par l'ingénieux groupement des figures, le modelé délicat des nudités viriles, la richesse et la grâce des draperies féminines, n'est pas indigne du maître, sans qu'on ose affirmer que l'œuvre soit justement la sienne."

This, in the English edition, appears as follows (p. 266):

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"The best preserved, which Mr. Wood has taken to the British Museum, is, however, quite unworthy of the master, and, happily, cannot be proved to be his."

Again, speaking of the head of the Hermes of Praxiteles, M. Paris says (p. 281):

"Vue de face, vue de profil, elle ne rappelle en rien ce type de convention qu'on nomme le type grec, fin, distingué, pur de ligne et certainement admirable, mais qui se répète trop, comme un cliché impersonnel et froid."

Miss Harrison, not being quite of this opinion, makes the author say (p. 284):

"Seen from front view or profile, everything in it recalls and yet transcends the conventional type—the so-called Greek profile, delicate, distinguished," etc.

An amusing instance of this perversion of the author's statements occurs in the discussion concerning the so-called Choiseul-Gouffier Apollo, in which M. Paris alludes to the theory advanced by "M. Waldstein," while in Miss Harrison's version "M. Waldstein" becomes multiplied into an impersonal "group of archæologists." In only one instance has she separated her own opinion from that of the author. What he says about the Venus of Melos she has left to himself, though in a footnote she has "felt bound to record" her view, which is that the statue is "not an Aphrodite at all, but a Victory—not to be dated before the second century B. C."

Whether or not Miss Harrison knows more about her subject than M. Paris, or, granting that her opinions may be more valuable than his, it must be none the less exasperating to an author to see his own statements thus rebuked and modified after they have gone beyond his reach; and, as we said above, it is more from a desire to do justice to him than from any feeling that these changes destroy the value of the book that we have called attention to them. To leave the latter impression upon the minds of our readers would be unfair to Miss Harrison. She has violated the rules of literary courtesy, but she has translated, or "edited," a useful book in a way that will make it useful to those who do not care whose opinions they are reading, provided they be of good authority. The bibliography at the beginnings of the chapters gives an added value to the English edition; and the illustrations, to judge from the two copies before us, are much better in this than in the original, notably the archaic head in the Acropolis Museum (figure 59).

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*Conversations in a Studio.* By William Wetmore Story, D.C.L. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

MR. STORY'S 'Conversations' are just what the title indicates—informal and rambling discourses upon subjects that would naturally interest an artist and a poet who has the field of modern culture within his range. A considerable portion of his material has been collected from writings of earlier years and thrown into the form of conversation; but much of it is fresh and has only recently seen the light. He begins with some remarks upon the large prices paid for great works of art in our generation, and reminds us that even at present rates less is paid for painting and sculpture, and even for pottery, than was lavished by the ancient buyers of Athens and other Greek cities and of Rome upon the works of the masters of the antique. His catalogue of sales is a long and curious one, and sustains his position, while on the other hand he is able to contrast the happy fortune of these first artists with the small fees received by the great masters of the Renaissance. This, which is one of the more interesting chapters, is an excellent example of the subjects he treats of in a half-learned or half-gossiping manner, and of which the number is legion, ranging from Paris costumes to the proper pronunciation of Latin.

Art naturally holds the first place in the mind of the writer, and is discussed both in its historical embodiment in the works of the great, and in its theory, with its relation to the ideal and real, to beauty, nature, and truth. The author is an idealist, and his judgments follow the canon of idealism, but his presentation of his views is remarkably clear in statement, and as well reasoned as it is excellently illustrated. The second leading topic is poetry, of which Mr. Story writes with something of an old-fashioned familiarity with old-fashioned poets, but always with good taste and discrimination. Shakspere naturally comes in for words not a few and praise not small, but room is found for others less illustrious, and in the discussion of melodies and of melodic poems the author has much to say that it is desirable for us to be reminded of in days that forget Byron and Moore; he revives also the reputation of a few American geniuses, and particularly of Robert Treat Paine, though not to do them honor.

The conversations, however, are not all of this literary and artistic sort. The question of magic, the always living subject of centenarians and their distinctions, the equally immortal one of extraordinary powers of memory, are examples of these excursions into the region of mere information which relieve the reader's attention. The examination of the ancient theory of proportion in the human figure and the argument for an Italianated pronunciation of the Latin language are the most serious topics, and in these portions of the volumes the author evidently aims at more than entertainment. In general, however, the talk is not exacting, and flows on pleasantly, without ruffling the mind with vexing questions, or requiring it to lay off a leisure mood and gird itself to any serious matter. Mr. Story's talk is out of the fulness of his cultivation and holds us by its interest, and if he rides his hobbies at times, that is an ancient privilege of the talker and not to be taken with bad grace by the listener. Indeed, the volumes are excellent within the limit set by their familiar and unsystematic character; many things are spoken of with intelligence, sufficient anecdote enlivens the pages, and the subjects introduced are those which belong to the common stock of cultivated minds.

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*Rules for a Dictionary Catalogue.* By Charles A. Cutter. [United States Bureau of Education, Special Report on Public Libraries, Part ii.] Second edition. Washington. 1889 [1890].

THIS long-expected revision of the "cataloguer's Bible" fills 133 pages, some fifty more than the authorized version of 1876. The largest single addition is an appendix containing, among other things, the American Library Association's reports on book sizes and on transliteration—the latter owing much of its value to the late Michael Heilprin—a long list of abbreviations, and a comparison between the American Association's cataloguing rules, as codified in 1883, and the rules of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, 1881, of the Bodleian Library, 1882, and of Columbia College, 1888. Throughout the text of the book, also, Mr. Cutter has amplified his former discussions and introduced new rules to meet difficulties not previously anticipated. These additions, however, are matters of minor importance; the original rules were at once so complete and so lucid as to leave little opportunity for supplement or explanation. It is by examining the changes, rather than the additions, that we shall discover the merit of this new edition.

Mr. Cutter, to be sure, did not invent the dictionary catalogue, but he systematized what was previously without form and void. Under the circumstances it was not unnatural that a reformer's zeal should make him somewhat rigidly systematic. Nor was his zeal misdirected: to insist on the intrinsic value of method was to teach a lesson much needed at the time. To-day, however, when method is too frequently preferred before sense, a different lesson is needed, and no one is abler or more willing to teach it than is Mr. Cutter. Accordingly he has modified his rules in various significant respects, moving always towards vital usefulness, and frequently away from dead uniformity. Thus he now prefers the entry of British noblemen by their titles instead of their names—an eminently sensible change, supported by this convincing syllogism: "Authors should be put under their names; a name is 'that by which a person or thing is known.' British noblemen are known by their titles, not by their family names." How many Americans, for instance, know the family name of the Marquis of Hartington, or even of the Marquis of Salisbury? A similar change, defensible by the same reasoning, provides for the entry of some authors, *e. g.*, "Gavarni" or "E. Marlitt," under the pseudonyms by which they are known, with references from the real names by which they are not known. A third noticeable change recommends that separately published parts of the Holy Scriptures be scattered throughout the alphabet under their common English names, instead of being grouped, as is the current custom, under the word Bible. Few American libraries, indeed, will ever accumulate, as has the British Museum, 160,000 titles, filling twenty-one folio volumes, under that single rubric. Nevertheless, the entry "Bible" is very complicated even in smaller catalogues, and Mr. Cutter's suggestion for simplifying it ought to meet with hearty approval. Besides these three, there are a number of minor changes of similar intent, and all praiseworthy.

There is, however, one important feature of this new edition which cannot be commended, viz., the elaborate list of abbreviations. No cataloguer can remember 600 abbreviations, the majority of them arbitrary contractions of forenames; certainly no reader can understand them. Abbreviations which do not suggest the word they replace are a nuisance. At least one library catalogue in this city is rendered well-nigh unintelligible by the extent to which the librarian has employed arbitrary abbreviations, using aggravating combinations of initials with colons and double periods and semicolons inverted and semicolons on their backs, in place of the names which authors received from their sponsors in baptism. Fortunately, it is very easy not to use Mr. Cutter's abbreviations. The remainder of his book is as easy to use as any set of cataloguing rules can be, and a good catalogue should result from the intelligent use of it.

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*Arctic Alaska and Siberia;* or, Eight Months with the Arctic Whalemen. By Herbert L. Aldrich. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 1889. 234 pp. 8vo. Illustrations and map.

THE sub-title of this book more accurately denotes its scope, since Arctic Alaska and Siberia are treated of only as they could be observed from the whale ships. The author states that he

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"found the subject of Arctic or Bowhead whaling untouched by any author except in a most general and meagre manner, though it offers richer material than other kinds of whaling. It is carried on in a region beset with inconceivable dangers and risks, and in a region practically unknown, for no writer has ever visited it, though whalemen had been there every year for forty years. The moment seemed to me ripe to preserve this valuable material, for modern science is fast removing the picturesque excitement of whaling. Therefore I have made the cruise and pictured the subject as comprehensively yet briefly as I could with my pen and camera."

When one remembers the octavos and quartos, the New York *Herald* correspondents, the *Jeannette*, the *Corwin*, the Rodgers, and the grand old Admiral for whom she was named, with his stout sloop the *Vincennes;* the Point Barrow expedition under Ray, to say nothing of Lieut. Stoney and the Revenue Marine on the one hand and Kotzebue, Beechey, Hooper, and Richardson on the other, it is a little difficult to understand what is meant by "practically unknown" and unvisited by "any writer." Besides purely nautical works, there is a fair-sized library of books relating to the region, by dipping into some of which Mr. Aldrich might have learned much that would have enabled him to make his own voyage more fruitful.

But, this little indiscretion of the author apart, his intentions were good, his plan laudable and not badly carried out. Not counting South Sea sperm-whaling, there is not, as far as we know, any book treating of life on a whaler in the North Pacific, and especially the Arctic Ocean north of Bering Strait. Gustave Lambert published something on the subject, which we believe never was Englished, and bore rather on the opportunity for polar discovery than on the daily life he led. Consequently our author had a clear if rather limited field ripe for his harvest. On the whole, taken for what it really is, the description by an untrained observer of the average life on board the whaling fleet during a successful and prosperous season, the book is a good one. Mr. Aldrich sailed from San Francisco in March, 1877, and later transferred himself from one vessel to another, returning the following autumn at the end of the season, after having made the rounds of half-a-dozen of the fleet. We can corroborate the faithfulness and accuracy of his observations as a whole; and if there is no evidence, in point of literary finish, that "any writer" has yet reached those waters, yet his account is straightforward, clear, and with no nonsense about it, which is saying a great deal. We believe that most readers will find it full of interest, while the brief, unvarnished tales of wreck and other "typical experiences" from the annals of the Arctic fleet, appended to the narrative, draw the veil from scenes which might claim Pierre Loti as an appropriate chronicler. How men, cheap, coarse-fibred, ordinary sailor-men, under good leadership, will face death heroically is good to know. It shows that the pith of the race grows from the roots. Even the pitiable weaknesses noted by the impartial record on occasion have their grimly humorous, only too human, side.

In his account of the natives of the two coasts, the author falls into some inaccuracies, due to inexperience, but they are of little moment. His impressions are those which would be gathered by any one under similar conditions. The illustrations due to the camera, though sometimes very good, are on the whole less satisfactory than process-drawings would have been. There is too much detail in almost any "ship-scape" to leave the interesting items clear to the unprofessional eye. There is a tolerable map, but no index. The press-work is unusually poor for an American book, if we may judge by the copy examined.

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*The Union Theological Seminary of the City of New York:* Historical and Biographical Sketches of its First Fifty Years. By George Lewis Prentiss. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1889.

THIS is a tardy publication. The historical address of 87 pp. was prepared for the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Seminary, December 7, 1886, and, too long for complete delivery, was read on that day in an abridged form. That three years have intervened between this publication and that event is accounted for by the sickness of the editor and the difficulty in obtaining the material requisite for the biographical sketches of founders, directors, benefactors, and professors, which occupy nearly twice as many pages as the historical address and in much smaller type. It is remarkable that while Dr. Prentiss gives the heads of his discourse in the table of contents, he has not given the pages of the numerous sketches. There is simply one page reference for the "Founders, Directors, and Benefactors," and another for the "Professors." Since the fiftieth anniversary, President Hitchcock and two of the oldest directors have died, and sketches of their lives are included. Through some excess of modesty the present constitution of the Faculty is left to be worked out from the schedules of study together with the division of work—a tedious business. It would even have been allowable to give some brief account of each member of the present Faculty. The antecedents of Dr. Charles A. Briggs have lately become a matter of wide public interest, and it is possible that the blameless fronts of his coadjutors may conceal like possibilities of seismic theological phenomena.

Dr. Prentiss's story is one of steady growth, of generous benefactions, of wise administration, and faithful personal service. The frontispiece illustration of the present domicile of the Seminary is in pleasant contrast with the picture of its original tenement in University Place. Students matriculated from the beginning number 2,230. Of these more than 91 per cent. were college-bred, and 1,774, as nearly as can be ascertained, are still alive. It is a defect of Dr. Prentiss's address for the general reader that it assumes a knowledge in him of Presbyterian theological development which he does not possess. Thus, at the beginning, where the coincidence of the founding of the Seminary with the trials for heresy of Albert Barnes and Lyman Beecher is spoken of, there is no indication of the quality of their offence. We are told that the Seminary, established two years before the disruption of Old School and New School in 1838, was emphatically on the New School side, "for the simple reason that its Presbyterianism was mainly of the type that had been shaped by Puritan and New England influences"; but these are not distinguished from the Scotch-Irish influences for the benefit of the uninformed. The writer congratulates himself and others on the freedom from theological disturbance which the history of the Seminary had shown during its first half century. But, since his writing, the *entente cordiale* has been considerably disturbed by Dr. Briggs's interrogation, "Whither?" and the debates on creed-revision make it appear very doubtful if the pledge required of the professors, p. 43, will not prove a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to others before long.

The Seminary has been fortunate in several of its instructors and in many of its benefactors and directors. Drs. Edward Robinson, Henry B. Smith, and Roswell Dwight Hitchcock were men of whose character and attainments the friends of the Seminary may well be proud. The sketches of these and of Albert Barnes and Samuel Hanson Cox are valuable and interesting, but might have been much more so if to bring out and not to smooth away their individuality had been the end in view. There is a hint that Dr. Cox's judgment was not perfect, but how little of his proper self could be inferred from this account by those not otherwise acquainted with his explosive energy! This sentence stands out significantly in the sketch of Albert Barnes: "In his day and generation he ranked, like his illustrious contemporary, Dr. Channing, among the moral instructors of the American people." That is in vivid contrast with Dr. Cox's advice to his Brooklyn people not to have any social relations or business dealings with Unitarians. Dr. Cox's exordium in Exeter Hall, p. 159, hardly merits Dr. Prentiss's degree of admiration. It was as morally dull as it was intellectually bright.

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*Letters of Philip Dormer, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield, to his Godson and Successor.* Now first edited from the originals, with a memoir of Lord Chesterfield. By the Earl of Carnarvon. With portraits and illustrations. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1890.

THESE new letters of Lord Chesterfield were written in his age to his godson, Philip Stanhope, whose education they were meant to form in what constituted a cultivated man of the world. The child was between five and six when the correspondence began, and it was continued for nearly ten years. The relation of the two was one to make this record of it interesting, but, on the whole, the letters do not justify the expectation that might be formed of them. Philip Stanhope was too young to contribute much, and the old Earl had already had his say in writing the series to his son which has become classical in English literature. He repeats in these later letters the same practical advice, and holds up the ideal of the great world as he understood it in much the same way. He writes also of the state of Europe, and the character of princes, and passes criticism on the poets. The substance exhibits the strength of his mind, his wide and intelligent interest in foreign affairs, and the standards of literary taste which belonged to his age; but attention is naturally directed to the social ideal, to the pattern man of the world, with which his literary fame has become associated. What that was, the world knows perfectly well. Lord Carnarvon, in his excellent memoir, says the best possible for the character and defects of Chesterfield, and presents him under the most favorable light; but he acknowledges, practically, that the change of society has had a most damaging effect on the reputation of his client because of his deficiency in the sense of the proprieties of relation between father and son, and also in moral tone. On the other hand, Lord Carnarvon endeavors to see in this new series of letters a more praiseworthy spirit, and makes the most of a few phrases of commonplace religion and morals, which, indeed, may have had a grave and serious meaning to the aged statesman, but are hardly sufficient as counter-evidence to the example and precept of his mature life.

In the new letters passages are frequently to be met with which would at any time have been

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widely condemned in an elderly man writing to a child under twelve; and, apart from these, the insistence upon the worldly ideal of how to make a figure in fashionable life is hardly to be regarded as the best instruction for an opening mind. Possibly no harm was done, for when the child came to be a man, he was far from being the man Chesterfield had painted. It is to be said, indeed, that Chesterfield's advice was distinguished by its deterring his godson from many of the gross and foolish vices of youth of the day—from swearing, for example; and there was enough of seriousness in the political and historical information and in the constant strengthening of the taste for industry and the sense of personal honor. Yet with all this there are radical defects in the whole, there is a lowness of tone in the ideal itself, there is what must now be regarded as a false point of view, such that the correspondence cannot give pleasure or receive praise, and must remain a literary curiosity. The one trait which destroys it in modern eyes is its unmanliness, and in an English ideal that is the one thing which cannot be forgiven.

The volume has been published in a beautiful form, with typography and execution of the best character, and makes a handsome appearance; it is illustrated with several admirable portraits and one or two quaint views, and is furnished with an index. Nothing has been spared to make it a triumph of the printer's art. A less expensive and more popular edition has also been issued.

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*Life of Honoré de Balzac.* By Frederick Wedmore. [Great Writers.] London: Walter Scott. 1890.

GEORGE ELIOT has somewhere said that "of all forms of mistake the most gratuitous is prophecy." Mr. Wedmore might well have borne this aphorism in mind before beginning his sketch of Balzac's life with this sweeping statement: "Among the writers whose successes in pure literature this century allows, five alone must be accounted for ever influential—Goethe, Wordsworth, Balzac, Dickens, Browning." Surely, this list of "immortal shapes of bright aerial spirits" is too exclusive and absolute. Why restrict the number to five? And, further, one feels inclined to ask whether the biographer has heard of a recent French critic whose verdict on Balzac was, "assommant"! Well, if this jaunty decision is what Matthew Arnold used to call a freak or a violence, Mr. Wedmore's first words are open to the same charge in a less degree; and it is not too much to ask that what purports to be a popular critical biography, an ultimatum (up to date), should begin with neither freak nor violence. The dominant note in the whole book is the echo of this sentence; lack of balance shows itself in the failure to estimate correctly the weak side of Balzac's character and work, so that, to get a more vivid picture of the man and a sounder notion of his merit as a moralist (he thought himself one) and a writer, the reader may fairly be advised to turn again to Gautier's 'Portraits Contemporains' and to Mr. Leslie Stephen's admirable essay in the first set of 'Hours in a Library,' rather than to the last issue of the "Great Writers" Series.

The compression of Balzac's life into 140 octavo pages might still have left room for somewhat longer notice of his many fads and whims—his abuse of coffee, his strange hours of work, and other forms of mild vice; his singular domestic arrangements to secure quiet; and, above all, the substratum of humbug which so often deceived himself. Like many literary Frenchmen, he had a strong dash of *blague*, ready to take itself in earnest if any one ventured to question its sincerity. It was this which inspired his code of rules for the literary worker, some of the more stringent of which filled the hot-blooded Gautier with dismay, and which, of course, the author himself never observed. Mr. Wedmore notices fully the humorous phase of this weakness by pointing out that Balzac's fictitious characters finally became real to his imagination; indeed, so much a slave was he to his hallucination that for years he amused his friends with mysterious allusions to loss of untold fortune in speculation, described as *le déficit Kessner*. But to the practical mind these delusions seemed to reach their height when the novelist comes to look on his work as beyond a mere art—as a sacerdocy. Of this mania Balzac, who has since been followed by the brothers Goncourt, Zola, Paul Bourget, and many smaller fry, was, with Victor Hugo, one of the first sufferers. English critics are prone to call it charlatanism, but its large admixture of naïve good faith ought to save it from such severe blame.

Mr. Wedmore accurately estimates the moral worth of Balzac's teaching. It has already been frequently said that his young men are anything but estimable; in fact, few of them are really gentlemen, at least in the English and American sense of the word. Raphael, who hides in Fœdora's bedroom; De Rastignac, and even the courtly De Vaudenesse, give way to impulses of which most well-bred men certainly do not boast, if they can be brought to confess them. And the virtuous women, as Mr. Leslie Stephen remarks, are terribly shaky; so unstable is their virtue that one feels that a little more pressing—a mere trifle—would have brought them to surrender. Consequently, the lesson of "La Comédie Humaine" is on the whole disheartening, for it deals in the main with moral degradation or with mistaken and disappointed virtue; unlike Thackeray, in that it has no Dobbin, no Col. Newcome, and only pale images of the Little Sister, it leaves a bad taste in one's mouth. "La Comédie Humaine" is truly delightful to no one but the consistent pessimist. This is possibly the reason why Mr. Wedmore lays so little stress on "Le Lys dans la Vallée" and "Les Contes Drolatiques," which go some way towards redeeming the too generally sombre pictures of the total work—the one with its inimitable and truly *gaulois* humor, and the other with its exquisite sentiment. For, in truth, the countless figures that play their puppet-parts in the comedy, whose wires are pulled by the most skilful of all hands, seem to us like a huge family of *névrosés;* in almost every one of them there lies somewhere a moral warp, and that generally a mean one. Theirs are not the infirmities of noble minds, but the vices and failings that attend the "struggle-for-lifer" in old and crowded communities.

French writers are usually treated with much scornful acerbity by their English critics for their frequent mistakes in spelling and their ignorance of English titles; we may therefore expect of the Englishman some scrupulousness in the writing of French names—a precaution omitted by the present biographer, as it was before him by Mr. F. T. Marzials in the 'Victor Hugo' of the same series. Why both these writers write Nôtre Dame passes guessing. Why not Dâme also? It is quite as much a contraction of a Latin word. Then, again, we find the Duchesse d'Abrantès; no regard being paid to the fact that the name has long since been Gallicised into D'Abrantes. Once more, Balzac's sister would naturally have objected to seeing herself described as Madame Surville, without *de*—a magical particle as dear to the French heart as *van* to any true Knickerbocker. We say, of course, Balzac, Lamartine, Musset; but with people not world-famous the *de* should be preserved.

Unquestionably the best part of Mr. Wedmore's book is the biographical. It is accurate in matters of detail, and on the whole judiciously discriminative. Much sound information is given also as to the proportion existing between the material furnished from Balzac's own experience of life in all its forms and what his marvellous power as an analyst of character, a *voyant*, in short, enabled him to infer from mere indications of temperament and conduct in people whom he saw but for a moment. The last chapter, which is a summing up, contains too much controversial questioning of other critics' judgments, and has on the whole too little decisiveness of its own, to be in any sense a pronouncement on Balzac; but, notwithstanding these shortcomings, this 'Life' is written with sufficient ease, grace, and spirit to deserve more than one reading.

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*Commentaries on the Constitution of the Empire of Japan.* By Count Hirobumi Ito. Translated by Miyoji Ito. Tokio. 1889.

COUNT ITO is one of the ablest living statesmen of Japan. From the position of an humble feudal retainer he has raised himself, by the sheer force of native ability, to the most influential station in the Empire. For seventeen years he has been a member of the Cabinet; once he held the honorable position of the Minister President of State; and, until the recent division in the Cabinet, when he retired from the Government, he occupied the chair of the President of the Privy Council, with a seat in the Cabinet. He was one of the Vice-Ambassadors of the Iwakura Embassy. He once performed an important mission to China, and, what is more to our present purpose, he was commissioned by the Emperor to study the political institutions of Europe, in order to give him material help in the framing of the new Constitution. For this purpose Count Ito stayed two years in Europe. He has had no small share in the framing of the present Constitution. A statesman, an astute diplomatist, and an interesting speaker, he has now proved himself to be a legislator, and an expounder of the new Constitution.

To those who have cast only a hasty glance at the Japanese Constitution it seems like a copy of the German Constitution, or at best a constitutional patchwork. They exclaim: "How surprising is the apish power of the Japanese! How can such a 'subtle organism' as a constitution of a country be thus manufactured in a day?" To such critics the book before us will show that the new Constitution of Japan has an historic basis. The accidental resemblance to the German Constitution results not from mere imitation, but from the common nature of monarchy and feudal institutions in the two countries. Centralized monarchy, with ministers of state at the head of departments of Government, is an ancient polity. The custom of presenting petitions to the Emperor as a means of making known public opinion and of redressing grievances when there was no Parliament, is as old as the reign of the Emperor Kōtoku (645-654 A. D.), in which "a bell and a box were hung out through which the people might make their representations and complaints."

Our author is no admirer of the American system of checks and balances in government. He is, indeed, a strong admirer of German Imperialism. He tells why the complete isolation

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of the legislative, executive, and judicial powers from each other is injurious to the state. In such a polity as that of Japan, these powers should be united in and exercised by the sovereign person, with constitutional limitations. He says that the Imperial Diet has, first, the right to receive petitions; second, the right to address the Emperor and to make representations to him; third, the right to put questions to the Government and demand explanations; and fourth, the right to control the management of the finances. He argues that the establishment of the House of Peers is needed not only to make it "a bulwark for the imperial house" and to preserve the conservative elements of the nation, but to maintain the organic existence of the state. As to the duties of the Ministers, the author has to say:

"First, that the Ministers of State are charged with the duty of giving advice to the Emperor, which is their proper function, and that they are not held responsible on his behalf; secondly, that Ministers are directly responsible to the Emperor, and indirectly to the people; thirdly, that it is the sovereign, and not the people, that can decide as to the responsibility of Ministers, because the sovereign possesses the rights of sovereignty of the State; fourthly, that the responsibility of Ministers is a political one, and has no relation to criminal or civil responsibility, nor can it conflict therewith, neither can the one affect the other."

Whether the Cabinet should be responsible to the Emperor or to the Diet is now hotly debated in Japan; but debate is idle until representative government shall have been put into practice. Time and experience alone will solve the question.

Count Ito generally follows the historical method of comment. He rarely enters into the discussion of abstract principles or mere theories of state. But he carries the historical method too far when he says that the theory of the rights and duties of subjects, as mentioned in the second chapter of the Constitution, is to be traced to "ancient documents" and "the customs of the land." It is a simple fact of history that the right of private property, of personal and religious liberty, freedom of speech and of the press, are new things in Nippon, and are now for the first time guaranteed to the Japanese.

While our author is anxious to trace every article of the Constitution to "the ancient documents," and "the customs of the land," while he devotes six pages to the historical evolution of the Government method of granting lands and promulgating ordinances, he has nothing to say concerning the origin and growth of representation in Japan. This is a grave omission. A political biologist might find the germ of representation in Japan in the most original form in the Hiyakushôdai, who represented farmers "in case of their having any petition to present, or any affairs to settle with their superiors." But a more definite prototype of the coming House of Peers is to be found in the Great Council of Kugés and Daimios, which the sudden advent of foreigners, in 1854, called to spasmodic life between that year and 1868, and which was to be transformed first into the Genro-in (Senate), then into the House of Peers. The House of Representatives is foreshadowed in the Kogijo (sometimes called Gi-ji-in) or 'Parliament,' as Sir Harry Parkes translates it, in his despatch to the Earl of Clarendon. The Kogijo was convened in the second year of Meiji (1869). It was composed chiefly of the retainers of Daimios, and has left behind it in the Kogijo Nishi, or Journal of the 'Parliament,' a record of its abortive undertakings.

From the dissolution of the Kigijo to the opening of the House of Representatives this very year, 1890, there intervenes a period of two decades, singularly rich in events which led the way towards the establishment of the constitutional Parliament. Famous among the steps towards the realization of this object are the establishment of the Genro-in, in 1875, and of the local assemblies in 1878. It is a matter of regret that our author, in describing the Imperial Diet, makes no mention of these important historic landmarks.

Count Ito represents the connecting link between the old Chinese school of statesmanship and that of modern Anglo-Japanese statesmanship. He exhibits in his book the conservatism of the old statesman and the liberalism of the new. His translator has appended the Imperial House Law, the Imperial Oath and Speech, and the Laws and Ordinance that were issued at the time of the promulgation of the Constitution. Copies of the book can be had by addressing T. Kenzo, Igirisu-Horitsu Gakko, Tokio, Japan.

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*A Thousand Miles on an Elephant in the Shan States.* By Holt S. Hallet. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 8vo, pp. 484.

SHUT out from the markets of Europe and North America by prohibitory tariffs, and depressed by overproduction, the British manufacturer is ever searching for and developing new markets for his machine-made goods. As the seaboard and navigable rivers of the world give access to only limited areas for commerce, the railway must be built to open the great populous and land-locked interiors of continents. Cheap means of communication must be provided for those areas now shut off by the prohibitive cost of carriage, if commerce is to advance and civilization overspread the earth.

With characteristic British pluck and persistence, Messrs. A. R. Colquhoun and Holt S. Hallet have since 1881 devoted themselves to practising what their British fellow-countrymen so continually preach, and have sought out railway routes between India and China. The *Nation* has already reviewed Mr. Colquhoun's books, 'Across Chrysé' (that is, from Canton, China, to Mandalay in Upper Burmah) and 'Amongst the Shans.' Mr. Holt S. Hallet, like his fellow-traveller, surveyor, and patriotic knight of trade, has long been impressed with the fact that Chrysé, Chersonese, Suvarna-Bumi, or whatever else Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, British, or other authors may call the peninsula between China and India, it is certainly what Mr. Colquhoun names it, "the veritable gold-field of Asia." No wonder that Lady Dufferin, in her book, 'Our Vicerégal Life in India,' just fresh from the press, writes that at Mandalay she was tired of gold: "I never conceived such masses of it before, and cannot understand it all at once." To unite the people of India and China, a total population of 700,000,000 souls—one-half of the population of the earth—that is this British engineer's dream. The problem is to bring the British machine-made goods to their doors at a price below that of their hand-made manufactures. "We are a nation of shopkeepers, and it is by trade that we live," is the legend on Mr. Hallet's flag. To get the Maulmain route of iron rails extended into central China, at Chung-King in Sz-chuen province, and into southeastern China at Pak-hoi, and thus to see the railway from the Persian Gulf to the Sea of Japan completed through Chinese, Siamese, and British territory before the French get a chance in the peninsula, is the aim of our author's life. Hence, his work is less a fascinating book of travels and adventure than another campaign document in favor of a stalwart policy of trade with "all the Chinas." Nevertheless, apart from its interest as a bulletin of advancing civilization and a journal full of the element of personal adventure, it comes into notable touch with an American interest. Mr. Hallet's dedication is worth transcribing, especially since his guides, interpreters, and fellow-travellers were American missionaries: "To the American missionaries in Burmah, Siam, and the Shan States, I dedicate this book, as a mark of the high esteem in which I hold the noble work the American Baptist mission and the American Presbyterian mission are accomplishing in civilizing and Christianizing the people of Indo-China."

Having by long practice mastered the difficult art of surveying from an elephant's back, Mr. Hallet started on his journey of a thousand miles or more, on the 23d of January (1885, if we conjecture aright, for year dates are notably scarce), and finished it on June 28 at Bangkok. His trip was from Maulmain to Maingloongee, to Maung Haut, to Kiang Hsen, to Lakon, to Zimme, to Raheng, to Bangkok (we give only the main points), and was full of interesting incident. A voracious seeker for information, a good questioner, having the eye of an engineer, statistician, merchant, and trained traveller, withal of splendid physical powers, and full of kindly sympathy and humor, his book, in its contents, reminds us of a successful hunter's game-bag. It is gorged to repletion with facts, figures, observations, legend, story, incident, and anecdote. One learns the full gamut of an elephant's tricks, though the ways of the supple heathen are somewhat more mysterious. Evidently the author kept the missionary guides busy in answering questions, and putting them for the questioner to the natives. The customs, manners, habits, morals, resources of the people are described in detail. The ruins of old cities, the deserted localities devastated by war, the local mythology and legend, are duly noted, and the history and traditions of each place digested for us. Of the work of the missionaries the author is an appreciative critic. He shows that the Karens and spirit-worshipping tribes are easily converted to Christianity by persevering teaching, but that the Buddhists are intractable. The manufactures and industrial habits of the people were especially studied. They are good metal-workers, and the Shan States may be called the land of gold-leaf, so lavishly is this article laid upon idols, pagodas, and works of art.

In short, the book is an encyclopædia of information about the Shans, with comparative remarks about the Burmese and Siamese. In outward form it is a handsome octavo of nearly five hundred pages, with all the appurtenances of good book-making to recommend it. In the preface we have an historical summary, the table of contents is full, there are seven clearly printed maps detailing the author's route of travel, and one map showing the projected and completed railways between India and China; there are ninety-three illustrations, and there is a good index—all helping to make a most satisfactory book for the student of commercially aggressive civilization.

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*The Theory of Credit.* By Henry Dunning Macleod, M.A. 2 vols. Vol. I. Longmans, Green & Co. 1889.

THE critical examination of Mr. Macleod's theory of credit may properly be deferred until his second volume shall have appeared, but the present occasion seems to call for some observations upon his method. It is unnecessary to say to those familiar with his writings that he is not distinguished for self-effacement. He

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does not hesitate to repudiate established doctrines, or to speak disrespectfully of established authorities. He bristles with sharp points, and abounds in apt quotations from writers of all ages and tongues; but the points are not so sharp as they look, and the quotations are sometimes a little warped. His scholarship is certainly extensive, but we do not find it in all respects trustworthy. Upon this matter, however, we prefer to postpone our comments.

Above all things Mr. Macleod's method is distinguished by systematic and apparently scientific definition. A glance at his pages impresses the reader with the idea that everything is demonstrated with mathematical rigor, and yet, to say the truth, the demonstrations are so clever and so brilliantly illustrated as to be really captivating reading. We have found it necessary, however, to be on our guard against this glamour, and a few specimen fallacies will be sufficient to prove that none of his conclusions can be safely accepted without scrutiny.

Thus, in the summary of definitions at page 145, we read that wealth is *anything* which can be exchanged; that wealth, economic, or exchangeable quantities, are of three forms—material things, personal qualities, and abstract rights; that property is not a *thing*, but a *right;* that wealth, exchangeable or economic quantities, consist exclusively of exchangeable *rights;* and that economic quantities are of three species, all of which are property. A little study shows that conclusions of the most contradictory nature may be drawn from these premises. All wealth is property; property is not a thing but a right; wealth is anything that can be exchanged—and so forth.

Perhaps the most vital point in the author's theory is his doctrine of value, and here is the "lemma" with which he refutes those who maintain the doctrine that labor is the sole cause of value: "*If Labor is the sole Cause of Value, then whatsoever thing Labor has been bestowed upon must have Value.*" Casting this into the form of a syllogism, we have:

Whatever is valuable is the product of labor;
This thing is the product of labor;
Therefore, this thing is valuable—

which is as gross a case of the fallacy of "undistributed middle" as we have ever encountered, and which, occurring where it does, is sufficient to throw discredit over the whole of the author's theory.

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*Das Reichsgesetz über die Erwerbung und den Verlust der Reichs- und Staatsangehörigkeit vom 1 Juni, 1870.* Von Dr. Wilhelm Cahn. Berlin: J. Guttentag. 1889.

THIS edition of the German law regulating the acquiring and loss of citizenship enables the American reader to form a clear idea of the mode in which the relation between Federal citizenship and State citizenship is adjusted in Germany. The fundamental principle of the law as it existed before the statute of 1870 was, that Federal citizenship was not, as in the United States, a primary, independent legal status. It was based on the citizenship in one of the States forming the Federation. The matter was left entirely to the regulation of the various States. In Prussia alone there were eight different statutory regulations of the subject for different parts of the kingdom. The States had full power to impose the same conditions which were demanded of foreigners on citizens of a sister State; and, as a matter of fact, there was generally no distinction made between the two classes.

It became absolutely necessary to change this state of affairs. The law under consideration (which was subsequently adopted for the German Empire) adheres in theory, however, to the existing relation between the States and the Federal Government. It announces in section 1 that "Federal citizenship is acquired by becoming a citizen of one of the Federal States and is lost by the loss of such State citizenship"; but in the subsequent sections it prescribes the exact mode in which the State citizenship shall be acquired and lost, and decides who, for all intents and purposes, shall be considered citizens of the States. The only right left to the States is to impose additional conditions for the naturalization of foreigners. The requirements laid down in the law under review are only a minimum. The States cannot, however, admit any one to citizenship unless all the conditions laid down in the Federal law are satisfied. One of these essential conditions is the ability of the applicant to support himself and his family.

The right to impose additional conditions exists only as against non-Germans. Citizens of one Federal State must, on changing their domicile, be admitted as citizens of the State into which they have removed. This principle was reiterated emphatically in the German Constitution of 1871. Nominally, therefore, Federal citizenship is a mere appendix to State citizenship; but practically the Federal power claims and exercises the right to interfere in the internal affairs of the States in a much greater degree than in the United States. The States appear in the light of provinces, to whom a certain latitude is left, not on the ground of any inherent rights possessed by them, but simply on grounds of convenience.

The book is edited with typical German care and scholarship. Copious extracts are given from the *Motiven—i. e.*, the document explaining the bill which was submitted to the Chambers by the Government—and also so much of the debates as throws any light on the sections of the act. After each section the statutory provisions of foreign countries on the subject are carefully collated and discussed.

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*Alexander:* A History of the Origin and Growth of the Art of War, etc. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, Bt. Lt.-Col. U. S. A., Retired. [Great Captains.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8vo, pp. xxv, 693.

IN this handsome volume Col. Dodge has accomplished, in regard to Alexander the Great, the purpose indicated in his short sketches of Great Captains which were noticed in these columns some time ago. The outline then given has been filled up to a full narrative of the campaigns of Alexander, and the best ancient and modern authorities have been laid under judicious contribution to make up as complete and intelligible a history of the wars of the great Macedonian as is now possible.

The author has spared no pains in elucidating and illustrating the equipment and the tactics of the ancient Persians and Greeks, copying from the best authorities the defensive and offensive armor in use, the numerous woodcuts being well drawn and well chosen. As to the charts and topographical sketches, Col. Dodge does not claim for them minute authenticity, for the geography of Alexander's wars is by no means settled; much less can it be said that the scenes of all his engagements have been definitively fixed or the fields surveyed. The maps are frankly declared to be constructed from the topographical descriptions contained in the text of ancient writers, rather than from actual surveys; but they serve a good purpose, when this is borne in mind, as diagrams by the aid of which the reader can more easily follow the text.

Original research in the fullest sense of the word is not claimed by the author, who modestly confines his estimate of his own work to that of industrious compiling, editing, and turning into English the facts and theories which his judgment finds to be the most authentic and reliable of all that have come down to our time. The American reader is thus furnished with a convenient and interesting narrative of the earliest campaigns which we know enough about to criticise them intelligently, and which have always impressed the great modern leaders in war as demonstrating the warlike genius of Alexander, and proving that the principles on which he conducted his military enterprises were identical with those of the modern Frederick and Napoleon.

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*Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy.* By F. Howard Collins. With a preface by Herbert Spencer. D. Appleton & Co. 1889.

A MORE admirably executed second-hand synopsis of a system of philosophy never was. Considered simply as an index to Spencer's systematic works, this 'Epitome' is invaluable; and to persons who read and reread those thick volumes, not because they believe in them, but only because they want to know what it is that so many others believe, and to whom the writings of the dreariest scholastic doctor are less heartbreakingly tedious, this one volume of 500 pages in place of a library of 5,000 pages is like balm of Gilead. Would it only embraced an introduction boiling the whole thing down to 50 pages! It is printed uniformly with Spencer's works, upon agreeable paper with clear type, and published by the same eminent firm which, by the dissemination of those writings, has contributed so much to the culture and thought of our people.

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*In Tennyson-Land.* Being a brief account of the home and early surroundings of the Poet-Laureate, and an attempt to identify the scenes and trace the influence of Lincolnshire in his works. By John Cuming Walters. With twelve plates. Scribner & Welford. 1890.

THIS very agreeable narrative of a ramble about Somersby and its neighborhood, with illustrations of Tennyson's poetical landscape as it comes out in his works, is a study, partly in poetry and partly in nature, which any one familiar with the poet's imaginative scenes will enjoy. A slight personal element enters into it, but little more is told us of the family or early life of Tennyson than was already known; the charm consists in seeing these few facts of his boyhood and youth set in relief upon their real background. We learn, however, that his school-days at Louth lasted only from the age of seven and a half years to eleven years, and that he has taken the very least interest in the school since he left it. He entered hardly at all into the general school-life, but kept closely with his brother, with whom, indeed, he seems to have grown up with exclusive intimacy. It appears, also, that the price paid the two brothers for their poems was £20 instead of £10; and the suggestion of the publication is said to have come from a coachman who advised the youths to provide themselves with pocket-money in this way.

The usefulness of the book, however, does not lie in such details, but in the sympathetic rendering of the Lincolnshire landscape as forming the ground, and often the exact nature effects, which Tennyson afterwards made the world of his poetry. Most attention is paid to

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the moors and low-lying stretches of country, with their cloud and shadow and damp, to the brook, with its bridge, which has become famous, to Holywell Glen, with its Druidical quality, to the cathedral of the city in the distance, and to the sea as it is at Mablethorpe, where the poet first made its acquaintance and lived beside it in summer months. There is a predominant tone of melancholy and an atmosphere of waste places in the scenes described, except for the rustic life of the small hamlet where Tennyson was bred. The attempt to locate Locksley Hall is unsuccessful, but the "moated grange" seems to be determined. In the last chapter something is said of Jean Ingelow's treatment of the same country. Altogether the volume is one to delight the lovers of the poet, and is unmarred by any lack of taste.

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*The Makers of Modern Italy.* By J. A. R. Marriott, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1889. Pp. 84.

THIS little book contains three lectures delivered by the author at Oxford, in which he gives a brief but interesting account of the unification of Italy, by treating the career of Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi. His opinions on these three leaders are, in the main, just. He discriminates, for instance, between Mazzini, the apostle of moral regeneration, and Mazzini, the instigator of futile risings and republican demonstrations. In his former character Mazzini helped immeasurably the Italian cause; in the latter, he harmed it, and the harm might have been irreparable, but for the prudence and vigilance of Cavour. Mr. Marriott likewise separates the beneficial from the mischievous in Garibaldi's exploits, but we think that he hardly states with sufficient emphasis how great an incubus Garibaldi was to the Italian Government from the death of Cavour, in 1861, to the entry of the Italians into Rome in 1870. Indeed, the chief defect of this monograph is that it does not bring out with sufficient force the magnitude of the obstacles which confronted the would-be unifiers of Italy. Difficulties seem smaller in the retrospect, but the business of the historian is to reproduce, as vividly as possible, the menacing and almost disheartening effect which difficulties produced upon contemporaries at a given time. So Mr. Marriott's account of the Revolution of 1848-9 is scarcely adequate; and yet, even with the brevity to which he restricted himself, it would be possible to make more distinct not only the hopeless dissensions among the patriots themselves, but also the cropping out of ancestral jealousies between province and province, the machinations of Mazzini and the sects in Milan and Rome, the backsliding of the Pope, the lukewarmness of the Grand Duke, and the treachery of the King of Naples.

In general, as we have said, the outlines are correct, but in many cases the shading should be altered in order to make a lifelike history. Thus, Mr. Marriott speaks as if the cession of Savoy to France had been determined on only after the campaign of 1859; in fact, however, that was one of the points stipulated by Napoleon in his interview with Cavour in 1858. Again, no mention is made of the measures secretly taken by Cavour to direct the rebellion in the Emilia and Tuscany, or of the fact that Cavour supplied arms to Garibaldi's Thousand. It is not quite true to say that Victor Emanuel regarded Cavour as his "dearest friend." The King admired the statesman and recognized his astonishing sagacity, but he would not have been the true scion of Savoy that he was had he not sometimes chafed at the inflexible minister who imposed his policy on the sovereign as on the Parliament. It is to the King's credit that he usually followed the counsel of his great adviser.

We notice a few errors in Mr. Marriott's text: Léri for Leri (p. 37); Cavour died June 6, not 5, 1861 (p. 52, 83); Forte should be Forlì (p. 54); Uzo for Ugo Bassi (p. 62); Monte Rotundo for Rotondo (p. 73). Mr. Marriott adds a list of books to be recommended to students of this period. Most of the works are excellent, but we miss the titles of many recent Italian publications: of Cavour's letters, edited by Chiala, Bianchi, and Berti; of two important works on Cavour by Bert; of Castelli's Memoirs, of Minghetti's Memoirs, of the histories by Mariani, Poggi, and Bersezio; of the letters of Ricasoli. To these we must go for the best information; but Mr. Marriott recommends, for the most part, only those works which are accessible to one who reads English. He is right in praising Garibaldi's Autobiography, but he ought to have added that Garibaldi's statements are often untrustworthy, for he, like Goethe, mingled fiction very freely with the truth concerning his life.

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### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Besant, W. Captain Cook. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Blake, E. V. The Dalzells of Daisydown. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Bliss, W. R. Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay. 2d ed. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Carlisle, J. H. Memoirs of Roger Ascham and Thomas Arnold. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. $1.
Cawein, M. J. Lyrics and Idyls. Louisville, Ky.: J. P. Morton & Co.
Clarke, Col. E. History of the Seventh Regiment of New York, 1806-1889. Vol. II. D. Appleton & Co.
Dana, Prof. J. D. Characteristics of Volcanoes. Dodd, Mead & Co. $5.
Darwin, C. Journal of Researches. New ed., illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. $5.
D'Esterre-Keeling, Elsa. In Thoughtland and in Dreamland. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Ford, W. C. The Spurious Letters Attributed to Washington. 97 Clark St., Brooklyn: Historical Printing Club. $3.
Gibbon. Was Ever Woman in this Humor Wooed? F. F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
God in His World: An Interpretation. Harper & Bros.
Humphrey, Dr. L. Manual of Nursing, Medical and Surgical. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co.
Hunt, Prof. T. W. Studies in Literature and Style. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.
Isaacs, J. María: A South American Romance. Harper & Bros.
Jerome, J. K. Three Men in a Boat. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Jerome, J. K. The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
King, J. E., and Cookson, C. Introduction to the Comparative Grammar of Greek and Latin. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.40.
Larcom, Lucy. Easter Gleams: Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
Lawson, J. D. Rights, Remedies and Practice, at Law, in Equity, and under the Codes. Vol. IV. San Francisco: Bancroft-Whitney Co.
Linn, Beth. One Little Mustard Seed. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Macaulay, G. C. The History of Herodotus. Translated into English. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. $4.60.
Macaulay, T. B. Lays of Ancient Rome. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15 cents.
Maclure, D. David Todd, the Romance of his Life and Loving. Cassell Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Macquoid, Katherine. Cosette. F. F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Merry, Rev. W. W. Aristophanes: The Birds. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Moulton, R. G. The Ancient Classical Drama: A Study in Literary Evolution. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.
Norris, W. E. Misadventure. F. F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Norton, C. L. A Handbook of Florida. Part I. Atlantic Coast. Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents.
Preston, Rev. T. S. *Gethsemani.* Robert Coddington.
Quigg, L. E. Tin-types taken in the Streets of New York. Cassell Publishing Co. $1.50.
Rankin, Dr. F. H. Hygiene of Childhood. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.
Reid, Capt. Mayne. Afloat in the Forest. Worthington Co. 25 cents.
Religious Systems of the World, National, Christian, and Philosophic. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
Trollope, T. S. What I Remember. Harper & Bros.
Walworth, Jeannette H. A Little Radical. Belford Co.
Wilder, Prof. B. G. Health Notes for Students. 2d ed. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Willard, Frances E. Glimpses of Fifty Years: An Autobiography. Chicago: H. J. Smith & Co.
Wheeler, E. P. The Modern Law of Carriers. Baker, Voorhis & Co.
Williams, H. L. Ruy Blas: An Historical Romance, founded on Victor Hugo's drama. Frederick Warne & Co. 30 cents.
Woodberry, G. E. The North Shore Watch, and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Woodford, C. M. A Naturalist among the Head-Hunters. London: George Philip & Son.
Wratislaw, A. H. Sixty Folk-Tales from Exclusively Slavonic Sources. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.

# Fine Arts.

## THE BOSTON MUSEUM'S ENLARGEMENT.—I.

FROM the line of the Boston and Albany Road, as the Springfield train runs into Boston, one sees, at a little distance, a long and low wall, terminating at each end in a sharp-pointed ear. This is the southwest side of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, as it now stands, occupying exactly half of the land reserved for it, the wall that we see being a temporary wall, which will come down whenever the remainder of the structure shall be brought into existence. The trivial architecture of the northeast front faces on Copley Square. The recent additions to the buildings are not in this same very ornate, modern Gothic style; they are of an extremely reserved and undecorated character, as is proper to an institution with but little money to spare. These additions carry the building around one of its two ultimate courts, and on three sides of this court the building is practically double—that is, it has two rooms in its width, one of them lighted from the court and the other from the street. On the fourth side, namely, that towards the temporary wall spoken of above, the building is only a broad corridor on each floor, with staircases, and here the light is taken from the court only.

The great simplicity of the outside of the new buildings is not to be very much regretted; but it is perhaps a pity that there is no attempt at decorative treatment within. Certainly, we should never urge the expenditure of the funds of a museum on ornamentation. The tessellated pavement and the marble-lined wall are poor ways of spending funds that are needed for works of art of historical and educational value; but there is a way of treating an interior in an architectural fashion which is apt to cost a little money, to be sure, but not much in proportion to the comparative agreeableness of such an interior, considered even with regard to its true requirements. The works of art themselves, the collections for which the museum exists, would be more striking, and would impress forcibly more minds, if beauty of proportion and what may be called an artistical treatment of the simple parts of the interior were followed. It is true that American artists have scarcely considered the interiors of their edifices, and that, even of those who are the best known as artistically minded men, but few have thought of a corridor, a stairway, or a gallery with anything like the interest which they take in the exterior. But the Boston Museum is perhaps exceptional in its rudeness, and certainly there is no place about the building where anything agreeable is added by the management of the building itself.

The chance has been taken, now that the space allowed the classical department is much increased, to rearrange this department completely. The old idea that Dartmouth Street would be the principal street, that the main entrance of the Museum would be on this street, has disappeared; and it is evident that the entrance will always be towards Copley Square. Such, at least, is the talk of the Boston papers. Whether for this reason or for other and more valid ones, the curator of the classical department has reversed the order of its galleries, and now, as you enter the building by the main entrance, you find, in the first room on your right, the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities; in the second room the earliest Greek antiquities—that is to say, those which may be

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roughly taken as before the year 500 B. C.; in the third room, which occupies the north corner of the building, the Greek sculpture which may be roughly classed as from 500 to 450 B.C.; in the fourth room, the Greek sculpture of the epoch immediately succeeding the last named, namely, the epoch of Polycleitus; in the fifth room, the casts of small bronzes, both Greek and Roman, in cases in the middle of the room; and, around the walls, Greek and Græco-Roman busts on shelves. In this room, therefore, the chronological order is broken, and the works of many epochs are placed side by side. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that this is so. The old dread lest works of art very different in scale should injure one another seriously has been allowed, as it seems to us, too much weight. The comparison of the large and the small, the minute and the grandiose, may be even claimed as a desirable thing; and, certainly, the overwhelming importance of maintaining the chronological sequence and, even more, the grouping together of objects of the same time, even if they do not succeed one another in the order of their time, would seem to forbid the putting together of works of art in any other arrangement than this, at least until this arrangement also has been made. No one, indeed, could regret the opportunity of comparing the busts with one another and the typical statuettes with one another, as provided in this room; but, first, the most important comparisons are generally of pieces of the same epoch; and, second, the pieces to be compared are, as in the instances before us, so small and so inexpensive that it would not be hard to retain the present arrangement for comparative study in some part of the gallery, and still to provide a strict chronological arrangement. The room that follows this, the Parthenon room, stretches across the whole width of the building from street to court, with windows at each end, and is the only one that is so planned. This form of room and this form of lighting allow of an extraordinarily perfect display of the Parthenon frieze, which can be better studied here than in almost any museum on earth; and in the same room are grouped properly and skilfully a large proportion of the other and larger sculptures of the Parthenon. In view of this, one longs to go back to the room just quitted, and take out of it the Roman busts, which have drawn the mind away from the severity of Greek art. We could wish to approach the Parthenon through the grouped sculptures of Olympia and Ægina, and not to have seen on our way a mass of busts of the first century after Christ.

A large room of Egyptian antiquities has been passed, as we have followed the Greek rooms in their order. It stands on the court, adjoining all the rooms that we have mentioned; that is to say, it is L-shaped, turning one corner of the court, and enveloped in its turn by the rooms that we have described. But to continue the examination of the Greek sculpture, we enter, as we leave the Parthenon room, the great corridor adjoining the blind wall spoken of above, and this corridor, the whole length of the building, is devoted to Greek and Græco-Roman sculpture. Here we lose track of the chronological sequence and the orderly arrangement of styles almost altogether; and, moreover, this corridor leads to a hall, on the opposite side of the building, in which is to be found at one end the gallery of six caryatids from the Erechtheum, and, at the other, more of the sculptures from Pergamon. The hall generally is given up to the Hellenistic sculptures, and the invasion of this subdivision by the pure Greek sculpture and architecture of the caryatid porch was indeed inevitable, as this is the only room high enough in the ceiling to allow of its being put in place; but that very fact makes it more desirable that the other pieces should be kept in their chronological order. If everything else in the Museum were where it belongs, according to the strictest comparison of date and style, it would be easy for a placard, or many placards, to call attention to the banishment of the porch in question to a room where the student would have to seek it; but it is impossible for any system of placards to point out the sequence in which these present arrangements are to be found. The catalogue, of course, when it is ready, will enable the patient and willing student to follow the order, the date, and the differences in schools of art; but all students are not patient and willing, and the catalogue is not ready.

If we insist on this point so strongly, and in despite of the great authority of the scholar and critic who has arranged the casts, it is because we feel the immense importance of facilitating study to our hurried American young people, much too inclined to believe that what cannot be known by the light of nature is not worth knowing. It is not many years since an English journal, capable of better things, sneered at the American disposition to make indexes and books of reference as at an unworthy disposition to facilitate the picking up of scraps of information. Scraps of information are better than no information at all, and it is certain that the teacher of American students has to provide to a large extent for persons who have but little time to give to study. But one object of our competent teachers should be recognized as the facilitating of study by all such means, for nothing grows faster by indulgence than a love of getting knowledge. In the case in point, familiarity with a certain order of the casts in these galleries may do more, either to help or to hinder knowledge of ancient art, than perhaps has been supposed. We dread the false impression which will be given to the student by the recollection of pieces of sculpture of very different styles and of far distant times cheek by jowl in the same gallery. We long for a uniformly logical arrangement in this respect, that the mind may be aided in its effort to realize what the Greek sculpture of any time really was like; and it is worth while to insist upon ideal perfection of order in such a collection as this, which has been made with the most minute and learned consideration of the whole field, and with a thoroughly critical comprehension of what is needed most in a collection of a given size. Nor has the limit of size been too severe; this collection, as indeed the annual report, recently issued, makes clear, is one of the important ones now in existence, ranking, according to the latest trustworthy reports, with the largest in Europe, except the overwhelming one at Berlin. That one, indeed, outnumbers all others in the proportion of five to two; but Boston ranks with the old-established and well-known collections of Bonn and Dresden, and just after that of Strasbourg, which has been newly made at great cost, and far in advance of the much-trumpeted collections at Cambridge and South Kensington. The casts, too, are of unusual excellence. The greatest pains have been taken to provide for getting the best possible first-hand reproduction in every case, and old casts have been laid aside or sold and new ones ordered, with a beautiful sense of the necessity of perfectness in such a matter, whenever the old casts were suspected of any shortcomings. Moreover, one of the great objections to a collection of casts seems to have been overcome; and we are told that the newly invented process and machine which we know by the name of the inventor, Fondechin, have been secured by the Boston Museum to keep its casts white hereafter, or at least of the color which it is desired they should have. They will no longer become grimy with the dust that settles upon them, but retain their color, as marble does, subject only to such very slight alterations as atmospheric influence alone may cause.

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